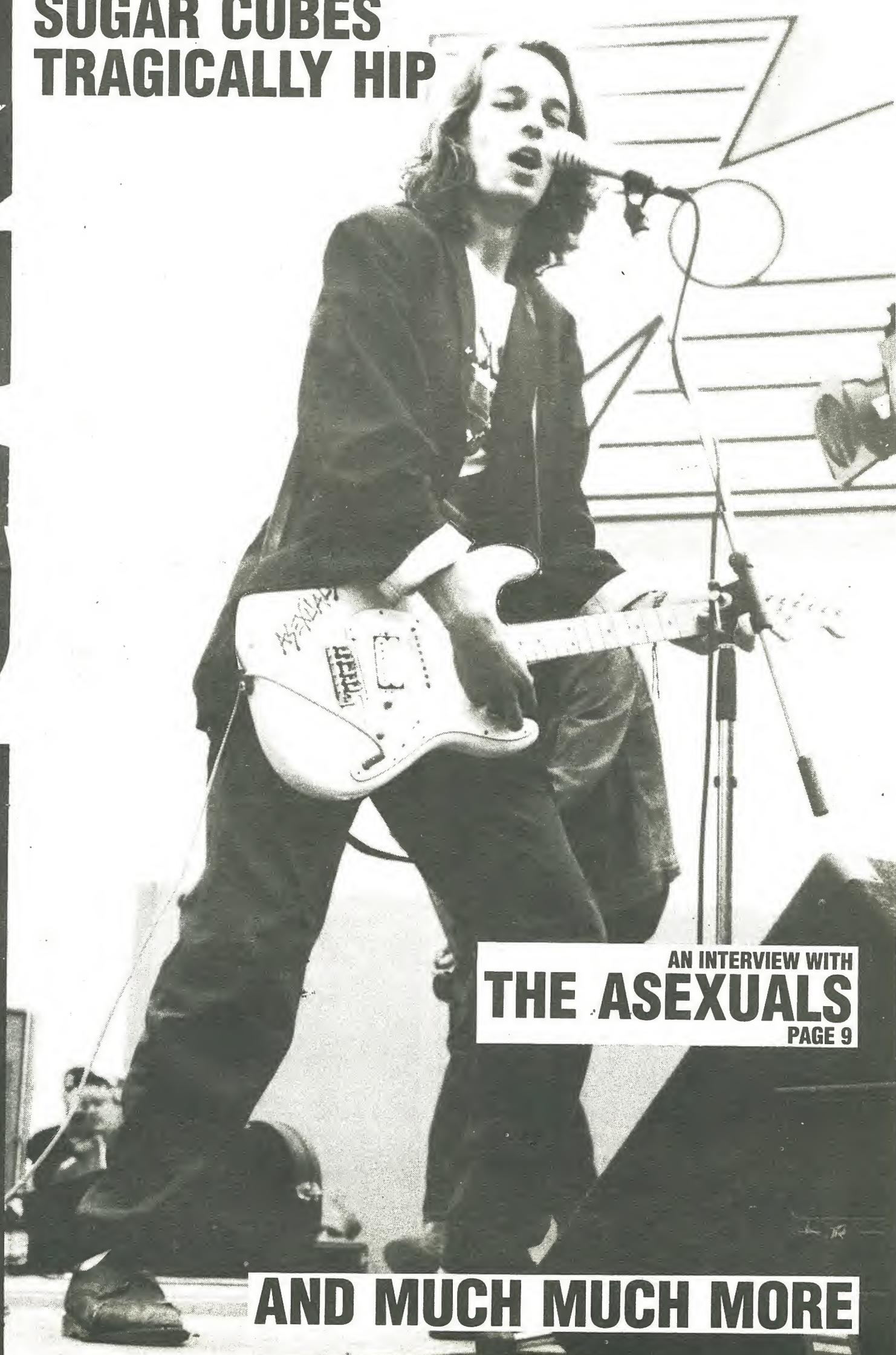


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AN INTERVIEW WITH
THE ASEXUALS
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IT / EVA B.



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Well, here we are again. Looking back over last issue I realize I said that I didn't have much to say and then wrote one of the longest editorials ever. I'll make up for it this issue...

Just a couple of things. One is that you may not have realized it but this is the third anniversary issue of *RearGarde*, a pretty big accomplishment for a mag that folks keep predicting will fold in any given month.

I guess we could make a big deal about this anniversary but, hell, that's a lot of work, and besides this issue is pretty much business as usual. Maybe one thing to note is that we're still getting new writers and the two lead in interviews this issue are by a couple of brand new pensters.

Anybody who's looking for Top Tens or reviews on our history can just pull out their old issues and compile their own.

Another thing is that we've just gone through another round of negotiations with one government or another to get funding for *RearGarde*. No dice, so we're still trying and we're still putting this thing out without any government assistance. Kind of makes you wonder about this so-called commitment that our cultural affairs departments have to Canadian Content. I mean, what could be more Canadian than *RearGarde* with our support for local bands and small labels and our all-Canadian all-star staff.

Maybe a change in government will help, but I doubt it. Even if someone decided to change things at the top and actually support real Canadians, it'd take years to work down through the bureaucracy. Just in case, tho, I'll break a longstanding policy and get political: Vote NDP (but you knew that already, didn't you?).

Actually, my favourite response in our long odyssey to get government assistance was from a representative of the city of Montreal arts council. She was very friendly and helpful, but sadly noted that the city only supports classical and jazz music. In her words, "We're very elitist." Now that's honesty.

So the city'll keep on piling tons of money into jazz festivals and symphony orchestras (populated by non-Montrealers and playing music written by dead Brits and Germans) while we go on supporting Montreal music. A hearty Bronx cheer and I'm going to bed.

Paul Gott

P.S. Ben Johnson is innocent! It's a CIA plot! I've got the negatives.

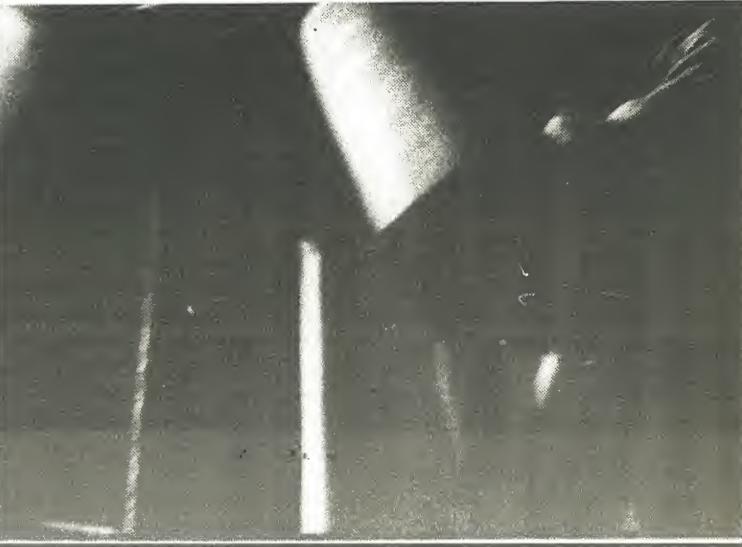


PHOTO: RULA



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BLAH

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The Big Show In T.O.



Pig Farm

PHOTO: RULA

By Davis James

Last month I reported that one of Toronto's better unrecorded acts, the *Lawn*, had broken up, imagine my surprise as I open one of the local papers to learn that the *Lawn* would be playing at the Rivoli. Obviously, I was mistaken and was forced to make a frantic call to *RearGarde* to pull the report lest we look like complete boos. Turns out that the first report was right, at the time anyway, the *Lawn* had broken up they just hanged their minds that's all, although whether or not this is permanent or not is unknown.

The amazing *No Mind* certainly haven't broken up, in fact they're currently busting in glory of being hot shit. The latest LP has garnered rave reviews from everyone from *Now* to *Graffiti* and deservedly so, awful cover art. They also won the opening slot for the *Sham 69* reunion gig which has unfortunately been postponed until November.

Itsa Skitsa have also released their debut, self-titled and produced by Michael Phillip Wojewoda who has also worked with *Change Of Heart* and *No Mind*. Unfortunately this record just doesn't measure up, it's neither as interesting as *Change Of Heart* or as intense as *No Mind* and it's not nearly loud enough (they're better live) it's also rather short with a mere six songs. Worse though is the bands attempt to bring back the whole taping hype by putting *Tape piracy kills* logo on the outside and inside of this package. Wake up guys, home taping isn't killing music, industry greed is. This is our music too and if you don't want to share we can always go elsewhere.

While I'm in a bad mood let's just mention Amnesty's International's *Human Rights Now!* concert, billed as "The most unbelievable talent line-up of all time", yeah sure. None of my faves were invited, instead what we get is the usual good liberal line-up, Sting, Bruce Springsteen, Peter Gabriel, Tracy Chapman, and K.d.Lang, a token Canadian added on at the last minute. "Be a part of History" indeed, if it's all the same to you I'd rather go back and crank-up the *No Mind* album instead.

Yo, howdy.

We start off this month with something that we like to call the **Whatever Happened to the Montreal 'Cow-Punk' Scene Department:** What with groups breaking up, changing members and moving to Vancouver, it's hard to tell if there's any of 'em left out there.

First, we've lost Donna Lee Marsh of the *Darned* as she has her official retirement party at Station 10 on the 21st. "I'm retiring, becoming a civilian. I'm discharging myself from the rock 'n roll army," she says. "I guess I'll just bake bread and take care of my kid from now on."

Four years of slogging it out on the Montreal club scene has left Donna Lee a trifle exhausted with the scene. "I don't look my age, but I'm starting to feel it. When you start falling asleep between sets, you know it's time to get out," she says. "Now that I'm doing other things, I'm starting to feel young again."

The rest of the band is still around, though, and they'll be playing around town in the near future, but under a different guise...

Meantime, the *Hodads* have actually recorded that single that they've been promising us for the last 32 editions of *Banned Info*. But, don't worry, they've yet to mix it. In the meantime, they're not doing too many shows because it's hard to get all them members together in one spot. But do watch for Dan and Sandy to do some acoustic shows. "We did an acoustic set when we opened for *Graham Parker*," says Sandy. "And it was a lot of fun, so we'll probably be doing some more, though the only ones planned right now are Thanksgiving Monday in Ottawa, and Tuesday in Toronto..."

Finally, on the Cow-Punk Front: "I don't know what you're talking about. We're not a cow-punk band," says Mr. Mack of *Three O'Clock Train*. And, while they may not have been playing many concerts recently (none's more like it), Mack did open with an acoustic set for the *Cowboy Junkies*.

The band has also recorded a new live tape for CBC's *Brave New Waves* and a studio demo featuring the 27th version of *Train of Dreams*. "We've

got to keep up with the trend the *Forgotten Rebels* started with *Surfin' on Heroin* and put the same track on every album," says Mack. "It gives you that consistent sound, makes the albums flow."

His parting comment: "We're Still Not Signed." Get a haircut.

Final Comment on the Legendary (But Media-Generated and Totally False) Cow-Punk Rivalry Between The Darned and Three O'Clock Train: Says Donna Lee: "Maybe I can challenge Mack to a bake-off or something."

Latest Installment on the Devices LP Department: The cooler weather

Condition returns with both a show and an album. *Swamp Walk* was recorded in Berlin in April while on a cultural exchange.

They're still finishing off the cover and are starting work on a video for the song *Beat My Daddy To The Grave*. They're also planning to head to West, probably in November, "But right now we're lying low to work or writing new material," says Julia. "Anc to get all the boring business stuff out of the way."

Their show at *Café Campus* on the 26th is billed as a record launch. "We're not so darn sure it's going to be a record launch... Well, it should be a



The Nils are working on their next LP.

PHOTO: RULA

allowed Rick Treambles to finish the plastercine model for the cover without having it melt again. "We're taking pictures of it right now," he says.

"We're going to hand the whole thing in the next couple of days and see what happens."

Knowing that pressing plant, the record should be ready for Easter.

Speaking Of Record Releases Department: Just when we thought Julia had moved to New York to become a fashion model and podiatrist,

typical Montreal record launch—without any records," says Julia. "It should be pretty fun even if there aren't any new albums there..."

While their old bass player still hasn't officially left the band for to join *Jerry Jerry*, the *Wanted* already has a new bassist: "A new gunslinger, a bad mutherfucker," says Simon. "He's a bazillion times better. You can print that." (Forget it—ed.)

Anyhoo, the *Wanted*'re in the studio right now recording a new demo for a

Not A Laughing Matter

To the editors,

I would like to add to the list of complaints about your club listings. In the most recent issue of *RearGarde* the listings for Station's 10 Sunday Night Comedy on September 4th read... "The return of the *Wackies* and *X and Base* and all the regulars..." Wrong!!

One half of the duo that was *The Wackies* now lives in Japan; making

any appearance by them anywhere extremely unlikely, to say the least.

As for *X and Base* they have not performed together for over a year now and have no intention of doing so again (I know this being half of the duo myself). As a matter of fact, except for *Dizzy Daniels* none of the Station 10 "regulars" have performed at the *New Sunday Night Comedy* nor are any of the organizers the same. This incarnation of S.N.C. has almost nothing to do with the old shows.

Anybody who's really that interested in what some of the old S.N.C. gang are up to can catch them on *Radio Free Vestibule* which airs on CKUT on Thursday nights.

Thanx,
Terence Bowman
(A.K.A. Dr.X.)

A Fan

To the editor,

I am enclosing a money order for a subscription to the infamous *RearGarde*. You have created quite a following in the distant land of Sackville, though you may not realize it. *Fail-Safe* even brought some copies to a gig here last January, and they went over really well. There's nothing to compare the magazine to—it's unique!

Just keep on doing whatever it is you're doing and we'll keep reading.

Lisa Cole

Skinny Dip

To Paul Gott,

Sure, skins are peace loving people, pigs can fly and nuclear energy is safe!

How is one Paul Gott gonna convince his readers, who were victims or know someone who've been the victim of their capbooks, that your safer with them than with Hell Angels.

For one, I've been beat up twice by a gang of them. Anyway, who've heard of a lonely skin looking for a fight, they're too cowardly on their own, then again, beside them who wants to fight??

In his fourth plead, Paul Gott will prove that the holocaust was a non-white, gay, mod, anti-fascist conspiracy and there is no truth that skins pride themselves in the fact that "It takes a thousand skins to make a brain".

P.S. P.G. do yourself a favor and on

your next trip out of your suburbia watch them get a kick when they're reenacting the Facist seen in *The Wall*.

For your info, P.G. in the 84-85 issues of the *Link*, there were some articles about the so called *T.O. Skins* terrorising the Rising Sun.

Paul C.

(Dear "Paul", your reading skills must parallel your writing skills if you think that lastish's editorial was in any way pro-skinhead violence or tried to downplay the problem. By the way, you should use your full name when giving your opinions (I do) or, with that writing style and knowledge of *Link* past issues, you might be mistaken for Weenie Rosenberg. Love—ed.)

MONTY CANTSIN

by Bery

Eh bien oui! Après une longue période de travail entre Montréal et New York, Monty nous revient avec son produit tout frais enveloppé s'ouvrant aux oreilles les plus dures de la poplasse.

La chanson *Mass Media* est reprise de façon plus compréhensive et l'osent très positivement l'orientation de son travail de communication vers la masse populaire. En fait il s'agit d'un amalgame de ses deux premiers albums et de son dernier mini *Born Again In Flame* qui nous donne cette nouvelle saveur dans *Ahoraneismus* plus rafinée et subtilement mieux produite que ses trois albums précédents.

Performeur de carrière depuis 10 ans, fonde le mouvement Néoïst et sa première collecte de sang, action artistique marginale. Ceci le porte au scandale du Moma, à New York, le 26 Août à midi en traçant une croix de son sang sur le mur blanc entre deux Picasso un "don" de sa part pour le Musée qui après tout est demeuré ouvert malgré son arrestation par la police New Yorkaise.

En tout cas c'est pas fini pour Monty car il nous enverra voir encore plus en 1989 avec *SixO'clock* une comédie Néopéra post-post-technopunk-nouvelle vague le catapultant hors ses années '80. Un raffinement jamais égalé par sa fraîcheur sonore et le tout signé Monty Cantsin.

Pour tous ceux qui n'ont pas encore vécu Monty, vous pourrez le faire prochainement à Montréal le 26 Octobre aux Foufounes Électriques et à Québec également le deux jours suivants.

Par dessus tout Monty est bon garçon, il travaille très fort sur un tout nouveau vidéo avec pisme. Vif et spontané ses performances instantanées sont à ne pas manquer et à suivre de près.

ment (Or 'Was That A Sonic Boom I Just Heard In Your Living Room?')

Department: Our very own Dead Brain Cells are heading down South for a 40-date tour with fellow mongers Death (hey, nice name) from Florida and Virus from England. They leave at the end of the month.

D.B.C. recently played yet another benefit, this time for *Art-Core* magazine: "They usually tell us there's free beer involved. And we go 'Free beer? We'll play,'" says Ed, not altogether too seriously. "It's for the beer and because we're just nice guys, I guess."

Don't expect to see the band around town for a while (playing at least—they can always be found drinking beer at Foufounes). Their next Montreal date is February 13 at the Spectrum with Soothsayer from Quebec City, and Groovy Aardvark and the Affected from Montreal. It'll be their longest break between shows ever...

The Great RearGarde Contest Department: Yes, folks, time to go for the gusto... Fame, fortune and probably a free LP are involved if you come up with the winning entry in the Name The Asexuals' Next LP Contest. Already the band has discarded *Never Mind the Dreadlocks, My Name Is Phillip With An 'F'*, and *Dish*. You can send your silly title (or serious) care of this mag. Contest details are concealed somewhere in the shorts of the person sitting next to you.

The album itself is just being completed and has been described as "Madonna meets Elvis and they do acid." This snippet was from T.J., the band's vocalist/guitarist, but I'm not sure about his sobriety at the time. "If you hated us before, you'll hate us more now. But I love it." It'll be out probably in January.

Asexuals show info: "We're going to be playing Warren Campbell's bar mitzvah." And a message for their fans: "Dammit, we love 'em. But don't phone us..."

That Asexuals LP is coming out on *Cargo* records. These same folks are bringing you the new *Nameansno* album later this month, plus a new

I guess I'll just never understand modern marketing techniques...

New Label Time: The Doughboys, in case you hadn't heard already, are on *Enigma* in the States. Speaking of which, you can always tell when a local band has signed a big record deal in the States because that's the only time the *Gazette* will write about them... the Nils are off *Profile* down South as that label has dropped all its rock acts. But they're still with Rock Hotel records and are still deciding who to go with while recording demos for their next LP...

Speed-Metal Monsters Department:

Seems that there've been a lot of benefits goin' on recently, but here's one that should be close to the hearts of alternative music lovers everywhere: The NCRA/ANREC Benefit happenin' at Foufounes from the 13th to the 15th.

In case you didn't already know, NCRA stands for the National Campus/Community Radio Organization, a grouping of those university and college stations that help promote local and underground bands.

"The NCRA has been in existence for a few years now, and we're just setting up a national office here in Montréal," says Chris Migone, an NCRA staff member and music programmer at CKUT.

The office is being set up by Martha Marie-Kleinhan and is an effort to coordinate the activities of alternative and community stations across the country into an effective lobby group towards the government and the music industry. The benefit is a first step.

"Basically, the benefit is to give money to help establish the national office itself," says Migone. "It's also important to publicize who we are—to get our name known."

The concert was originally proposed by Nadine Gelineau of CKCU in Ottawa, but is being held here in Montréal as a first step. Other benefits in other cities might be expected to follow.

Even if you don't care about the NCRA, the concerts will be worth going to for the bands alone—there's a large selection of great Canadian underground bands on line, many playing for the first time in our fair city.

The line up: October 13: Deja Voodoo, Town Cryers, Psyche; October 14: Jellyfishbabies, U.I.C., Straight Jackets, Heimlich Maneover;

October 15: Purple Toads, Fail-Safe, Rise. Only five bucks each night, the shows begin at eight sharp.

For more info on the NCRA, call 393-9047.

Jellyfishbabies.

PHOTO: JONATHAN BROOKS



BANNED INFO

SNFU album coming soon... Just how soon, it's hard to tell. Seems that one of the two pressing plants in southern Ontario shut down recently and the remaining one has 2 million records backlogged. And you can bet the indie releases are at the far back of the log.

Meantime, there should be an "acid-rap-dance" 12" out this month called *Meech Lake* by a group called *Rin Tin Tin* that's rumoured to be the recording name for a couple of local media types... Still to come on Cargo, LPs by Alberta's *Beyond Posession* and London Ontario's *Dioxyn...*

The Rockabilly Corner Department: Montréal's best and only rockabilly trio are back and playing every Wednesday night at the Rising Sun. *Pete Pneumonia and the Chronic Disease* took six months off and came back with two new members "and no more cheesy keyboards."

Probably the only alternative band in the city who can claim to have a couple of good Frank Sinatra covers, they're getting some recording down for a new demo and are experimenting with a little saxophone to supplement the

Capital Punishment

by John Sekerka

Just when you thought you were gonna sell that skateboard, Grave Concern are back as a five piece.

Denouncing various rumours of early retirement, sex changes, gambling debts, moonlighting as Amway distributors (this one may be true); the Whirleygigs are recording and touring again. Keep your senses peeled.

The Randy Peters, riding high on their mini album (Amok records) seem to be going for all coloured marbles. Big time gigs at Coca, the New Music Seminar and even a lovely chat with Erika Hmmm on Too Much Music. The record's worth it just for local hillbilly, Lucky Ron on the cover.

Speakin' of which, the Black Donnellys are back and gigging, but the live cassette is still a tough get.

The very young, talented and expanded Streetgirks sound better than ever. But they gotta sneak their beers while club owners look the other way. A quality cassette is floating around, while they await a good record deal.

The Bookmen and Fluid Waffle share a brilliant 7" available only through SkullDuggery fanzine outta Minneapolis. The Men race though (*What's So Funny 'Bout) Peace, Love and Understanding?* while Waff churn out *The Other Way Around*. After their monumental contribution to OG's latest *It Came From Canada*, and several storming gigs in Toronto, Fluid Waffle may find fame if they're not careful.

And now for a new segment which hopes to boost tourism in the Nations Capitol. This month we answer the most common question posed by out of towners: Where can I buy cool records?

1. Mad Platters on Rideau street, beside the Radio Shack. Used, fused and abused albums and cassettes. A good selection, but their rarities, picture disks and bootlegs are way too pricey. A top notch poster and postcard selection. Kinda sleazy as all second hand shops oughta be.

Fave Buy: *Devo Are We Not Men?* (yellow disk, U.K. Import, \$7.99).

2. Record Runner on Rideau, across and down from the Radio Shack. The best and biggest delete bin in the city. Fair bargains in import selection but otherwis lifeless, mechanical and quite drab.

Fave Buy: *Alex Chilton Fuedelistic Tarts EP* (French Import, \$7.99 reduced from \$11.99).

3. The Turning Point on Somerset, nowhere near Radio Shack. Don't blink or you'll miss it. Tiny, cosy and friendly. Fair selection of used discs at very reasonable prices.

Fave Buy: *Love DeCapo* (original Elektra issue, \$10.00).

4. Harlequin, two handy locations on Bank. Second hand records with the best import selection in town. Real bargains can be had if you look deep enough.

Fave Buy: *Elliot Murphy A Story From America* (99 cents, honest!).

5. Still the place to be is Shake Records on Elgin, right beside the ice cream parlor. Roomy, air-conditioned, cool playlist and room for dancing. A couple of goofs run the joint but they know their stuff. Great selection of imports, cassettes, CD's, mags, videos and the niftiest t-shirts in the land (custom painted on request).

Fave Buy: *Rave Ups Class Tramp* mini album (\$7.99 U.S. Import)

That's it kids, if Ottawa's still here in four weeks time, don't blame me.

6

BÉRURier Noir

basic threesome. "Right now we've just got to get some publicity out and work ourselves into some more clubs," says chief sneeze, Tom Dubeau...

Festival Benefit Show Department: or something like that. The Montreal New Music Festival is coming back March 2 to 12 at two or three venues this time around (including Club Soda). But before that happens, there's a Benefit happening on November 5 at Club Soda to help get things off and running.

"We're holding the benefit so we can inflate our ad budget and better promote the festival across the rest of the country and even into the States," says promotion whiz Donna Varrica. "There'll be eight bands playing, but right now the only confirmed bands are the **Darned** and **Weather Permitting**."

I guess this is the Darned's post-apocalyptic break-up show.

When It Rains... Department: Another Montreal band back from summer vacation is the aforementioned **Weather Permitting**. They've already recorded their next LP, *Code Of Life*, for release probably on Amok records in early December. "We went for much more of a live feel than the first album," says Peter. "We heard some complaints about the production on the first LP (*can't imagine who he might mean—ed.*) but this one's a lot more livelier and energetic.

The band took the summer off as Peter went to Europe (on promotional

business, no doubt), "...and it's taken us a little while to practice up and remember all the old songs." But the band's back on track and playing the circuit once again...

More Mongers Department: Hazy Azure are around and planning to record, but are looking for a sponsor (tell me about it). They also played the Art-Core benefit (see the review in the centrespread). But they've been caught up in other projects according to their drummer, Ram, who went on to say something about papier maché indigo tortoises. I dunno...

If you want to hear some new stuff from Hazy, along with the Northern Vultures, Groovy Aardvark, Capitalist Alienation, Birth Defects and five other local heavyweights, you can catch 'em on a new tape compilation called *Kitsch 'en Squatt* available at (like they say) cool stores...

Fail-Safe Propaganda Department:

The jolly young lads are going into a Big studio to record a demo for a second LP and their fame is still spreading: "We get neat letters from Poland asking us who our favourite porn stars are," says Iain. "I just write back and say Reagan and Gorbachev..."

Corpusse is emerging out of the "deep underground" to perform his/their/the first show in Montreal at Club Soda on the 27th. Further shows are planned with a band called **Batz Without Flesh** out of Delaware, and more are planned for our fair city. But, like



the man says, "It's hard digging up places to play in this city." Amen to that.

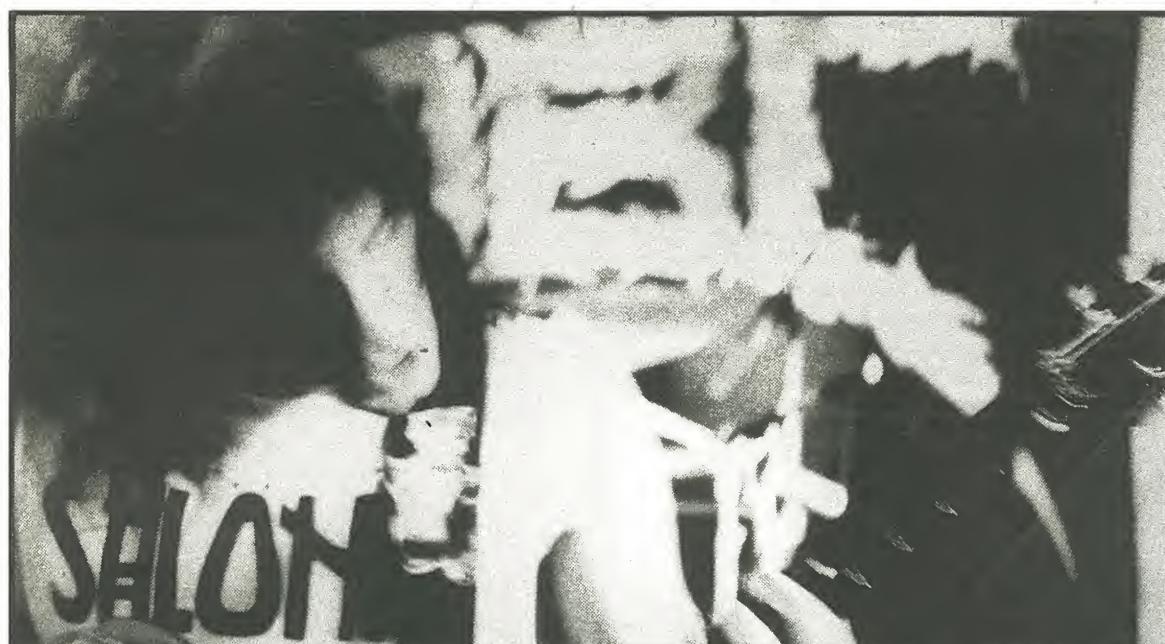
Finally, we have our Nouveau Mag Department: *Twelve Midnight* is a photocopy fanzine out of that dreaded region of southern Ontario. And it in-

cludes something that puts it miles above most 'zines of its type: Actual bona fide interviews. This issue (#2) includes talks with the **Speakers**, **Malhavoc** and **This Fear** amongst others along with articles on bands like **Psyche**, **Parts Found In Sea** and a bunch of record reviews. A little unfocussed for my tastes, it nevertheless includes a load of info on the underground that makes it well worth picking up. For copies, send \$3 to *Cathie Ross, Twelve Midnight, 60 Copperwood Square, Scarborough, Ontario, M1V 2C1*. They're also looking for contributors.

That's it. Time to go. If you've got shtuff, write. *RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal, H3G 2N4*. Ta. Oh yeah, **Banned Info** is compiled from the *RearGarde* wired services by Paul Gott and J.D. Head.

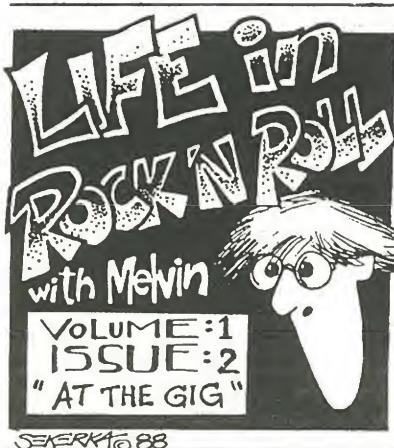
00000000OPS!

Last ish, we forgot to credit a couple of folks in the last minute rush, so here goes: Derek Lebrero did all the MDC and SCUM photos, Sonja Chichak took the Jerry Jerry photo in **Banned Info** and wrote the **Razorbacks** article, and John Sekerka's credit and first paragraph of *Capital Punishment* got lost at the typesetter somewhere. Sorry 'bout that, folks.



DBC hit the road and head South later this month.

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NO MIND TO LOSE

r seeking out a semi-quiet haven in depths of Foufounes, Scott, Paul

Dave of Toronto's Nomind and a

ng lady of questionable hair colour

led down with yours truly to answer

the questions about themselves, re-

on, dreads, themselves and other

cial prevalent ideas. Aleister the

sist was unfortunately missing...

RearGarde: Tell us about the birth of

band.

il: He (indicating Dave) used to

in a band called Affhakken and I

to play in a band called APB and

it was in a band called Prisoners of

conscience and we all knew each other

in playing in those bands. When

of those bands broke up, we got

other.

re: Or we got kicked out as the case

be.

RearGarde: How long have you been

mind now?

il: Three and a half years.

tt: Over three and a half years.

RearGarde: For those who haven't

rd y'all, how would you categorize

our music?

tt: That's a hard thing to do... cate-

ze our songs...

re: When we first started out we

e more sort of hardcore than we are

, but with time our music's pro-

osed and gotten better, more com-

ic, so we get lots of musical influ-

ences. But there's a lot of hardcore—

pretty loud and fast.

il: Vicious rock music.

RearGarde: I notice you're wearing a

I-Safe t-shirt. You've seen those

...

il: Yeah, we played a show with

n. Good band.

tt: Good band.

re: Good band.

y all agreed Fail-Safe is a good

d.

RearGarde: You also toured with the

amous Basturds?

il: We played a show with them up

Connecticut.

RearGarde: How did that go?

re: A lot of fun.

re: Those guys are crazy!

il: We hung out with them a couple

ays in Conn., went to the beach and

f like that.

re: Got drunk in parking lots.

ghs)

RearGarde: C'mon people read inter-

views and wanna know personal stuff

bilities themselves...

Paul: I listen to myself talk in the bathroom.

RearGarde: Do you find that weird or...

Paul: Especially when I'm going to the bathroom.

Scott: I try to listen to our record as someone not in the band and see how I'd like it.

RearGarde: Was that hard? Was it really weird hearing yourselves the first time?

Scott: It used to weird me out at first, but now I'm used to it.

After a bit more weirdness talk, we came back to the previous question...

Paul: I like anything from rap to reggae to Butthole Surfers. A lot of funk and a lot of hard stuff... I like Government

Issue...

RearGarde: Does any of this rap or whatever influence you and get into the band's music?

Paul: Naw, we don't have any rap songs.

Scott: I listen to punk style garage music which is anywhere from 60's to

70's, even the 80's, although it doesn't

seem to be as garage in the 80's any

more.

Dave: I like drinking a lot of beer and not being able to talk.

RearGarde: Does that go for the rest

of the band as well?

Band: No no... not really... once in a while...

RearGarde: Paul, do your dreads sig-

nify your rasta faith or...

Paul: My hair started to do it anyway. I don't really follow the faith although I lean towards a lot of that. But I don't follow any faith. I'm not religious in any way.

RearGarde: What about the rest of you? Do you follow any faiths? Any Christian songs coming out?

Dave: Hardly...

Scott: I don't know. Christianity it

seems to be like, I've never understood it, but it seems to be really fucked-up and the way people interpret it is really wrong morally.

This crusade type of thing of saving people even if it entails killing them...

The rest of the band was also in agree-

ment, Dave throwing in his two cents

on how it was "funny" going to church.

RearGarde: So who came up with the name No Mind?

Dave: It's the name of a song I used to

play when I was in Affhakin.

RearGarde: Affhakin?

No Mind: A-F-H-A-K-K-E-N (simulta-

naneously).

RearGarde: Sounds like some Nazi

revivalist group!

Dave: We have nothing to do with that.

Actually it's a Dutch word that means

"to chop".

RearGarde: To chop!

Dave: or to "hack". Anyway it was the

theme for Affhakin and we decided to use

it in No Mind cuz it was short and would

stick in peoples heads. No one could

even say Affhaken.

Paul: We leave it open to interpretation. Some people get the wrong idea.

RearGarde: Have you played with

Government Issue before? Any inside

news?

Scott: No but maybe John Stahln will

be wearing one of our t-shirts tonight.

We gave him one indirectly through the

Doughboys.

As it turned out, he did not wear the T-

shirt that night and No Mind was

happy. Then I tried to find out who the

mysterious female sitting in on the

interview was. Scott was uncooperative.

RearGarde: C'mon people read inter-

views and wanna know personal stuff

too.

Scott: I live in a basement apartment with too much rent and have a cosy job that I can't complain about.

RearGarde: What do you do other than play music?

Scott: Read a lot of books, comic books. I work in a warehouse that distributes comic books.

RearGarde: What about the rest of you?

Paul: we're unemployed, see we just got back from a seven week tour in the States. We went everywhere except all the good places like, California, New Jersey, Philadelphia, Connecticut, Florida, Alabama, Georgia...

RearGarde: Reception?

Paul: Some places Yeah, when there were a few people there, they liked it. When there were like four people there, the four people got off on it. When we played to like four hundred people only about four hundred only about two hundred and fifty three of them got off on it. Stuff like that would happen.

RearGarde: Did you happen to check out our review on your album? It got a fair type rating.

Scott: Well we recorded that album two years ago, so that was us live in the studio then. And we changed the way we play the songs but we really made an effort to play live in the studio. It's an honest record so if people think they

can listen to a more produced album and think it's better maybe they're just used to that and we're not financially able to do that. It's actually well produced for what we got, for a sixteen track.

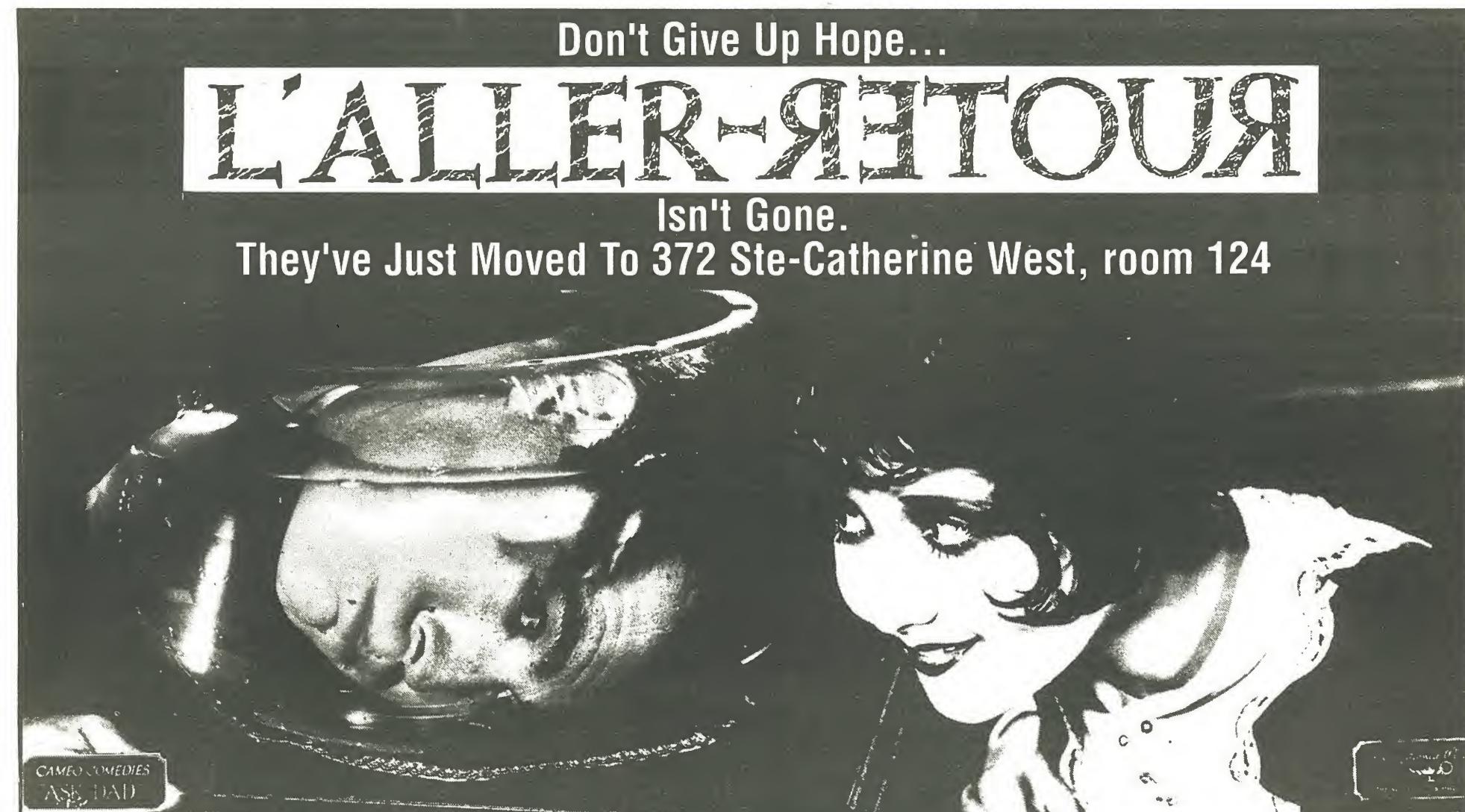
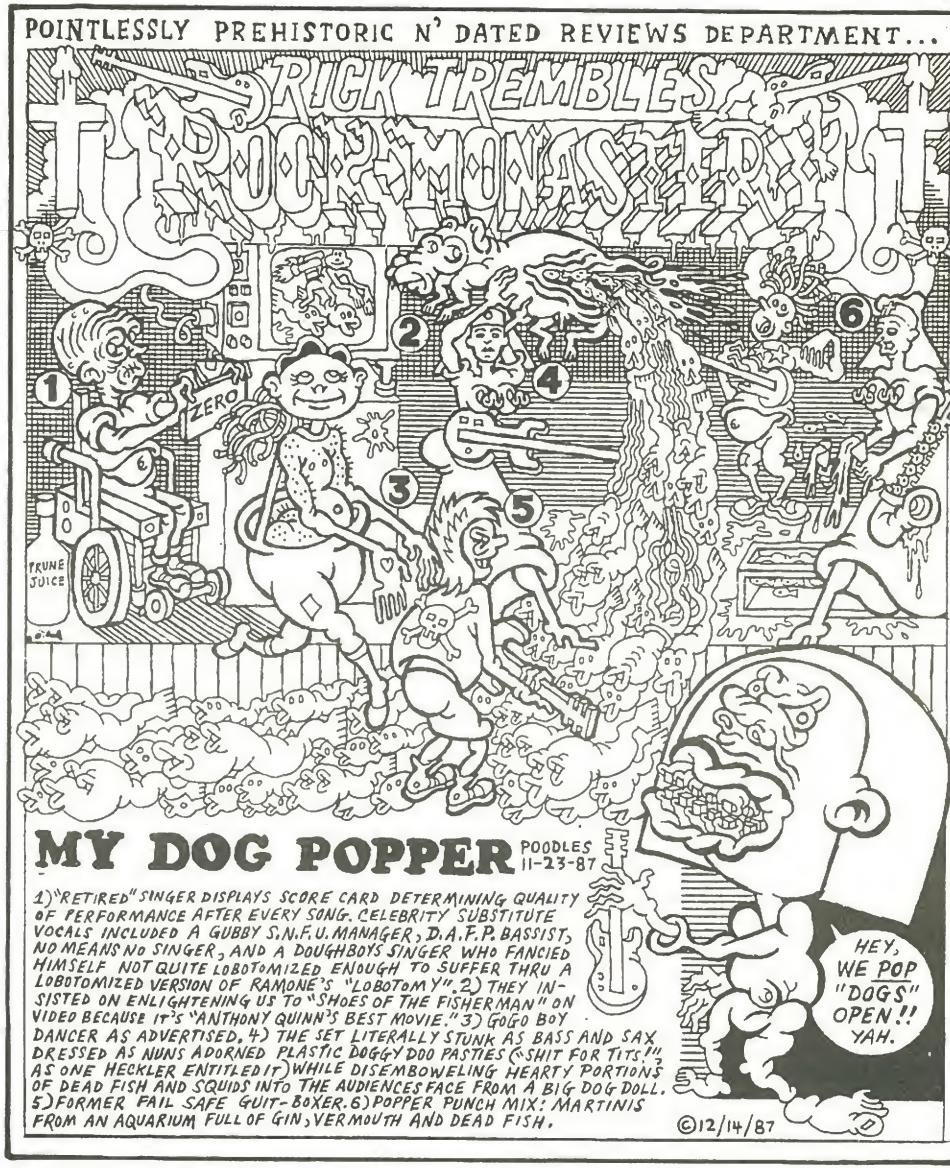
If I was to do another record I would use the live sort of approach again.

RearGarde: Ok now, here's the RearGarde question—if you could be any mass-produced toy, which would it be and why?

After much arguing and giggling and refusals to answer the original question which was, 'If you could be any flavor of ice cream which one and why?' they decided to be as follows: Dave wants to be a "really Cool" Hot Wheel car, not because he liked the big wheels, as he denied but because they were so "neat"; Paul wants to be Billy Blast-Off because it runs on batteries that stick out off the bum part (O.K...); Scott definitely did not want to be a bathtub toy but a huge Japanese Godzilla that can stomp things...Stomp...stomp.

Interview conducted by Rula





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THE YOUNG AND THE SEXLESS

9

I recently had the opportunity to see a couple of Asexuals shows, as well as talk to T.J. Collins and a few other members of the band. The first show I saw at Foufounes. There was a large crowd and the place quickly got packed and sweaty. The Asexuals put on a very good show, playing mostly newer material with a few covers thrown in for the hell of it. The band really seemed to be enjoying themselves and it was reflected well in their music. The crowd was obviously enjoying themselves and people were jumping and dancing around. The Montreal audience seems to have finally caught on to the Asexuals new sound. An attempt was made at an interview after the show but that conversation is thankfully lost to antiquity. I caught up with the band the following week before their show at Le Tycoon and in a slightly more sober atmosphere, I had quite a nice chat that went something like this...

RearGarde: So when's that new album coming out?

T.J.: Well, we've been saying it for quite a while, threatening to have a new record, but unfortunately there's a lot of bureaucracy with record companies and no one can really make up their minds about what's going on. We're hoping to go record in two weeks though.

RearGarde: For which label?

T.J.: I don't really want to say right now, but there's a few little things going on right now that I don't know how are going to turn out. We'll be on a semi-big record label in the states if everything goes cool.

RearGarde: Is Blake Cheetah now a full time member of the band?

T.J.: I guess in a way. He plays a lot of shows with us and jams with us quite a bit, but we never really discussed the fact that he plays in the band full time. It just never came into the conversation.

RearGarde: Why and how has your music changed?

T.J.: I think basically it's changed through a natural maturing. For *Contemporary World* I only wrote two songs and none on *Be What You Want*, so right now Sean and I are together writing songs, both of us. I guess with the whole band too. I'll bring in a song and we'll all work on it together. There's more of an input.

RearGarde: Which two did you write on *Contemporary World*?

T.J.: *Take A Look Around* and *Social Education*. Hey, I was proud of them! (laugh).

RearGarde: You play a lot more covers like Led Zep now. Is it just because you like playing them?

T.J.: There's no other reason except sheer stupidity I guess. It seems to get on a lot of peoples nerves. If people can't take a joke, it's even better when they can. We can go out, play a bunch of covers and get people really mad. I

think that's one of the greatest things about playing, seeing people's different reactions and how personally they'll take music.

RearGarde: Do the Asexuals still have a wide message like the songs on the first album had or are you writing more personal songs?

T.J.: I think it's obviously more personal now. The only message, if any, we're trying to get across is that we don't give a fuck what you think about us. If you don't like us, we don't care.

Paul: When you're young you're full of ideals and pretty naive. When you get a few years on you, you think, "Maybe I don't know it all after all."

RearGarde: The band looks like it's having more fun on stage and more relaxed. Is this a general change in attitude?

T.J.: Well, we've played so many shows that basically there's no surprises anymore. We know pretty much what's going to happen so we just go out and enjoy it. I think when you're young it's different, like our Cargo days. It was like 'Wow! We got a show, this is great!' You're so hyped and so nervous because there's so many cool things happening. You're meeting people and playing in front of people and people listening and liking it.

RearGarde: Do you think you still fit in with the Punk Rock crowd?

T.J.: Well it depends on where we go. If we're willing to play a few of the old classics and they're willing to listen to a few of the new tunes. When we went on tour in the states last summer, people were pretty rocking to us.

RearGarde: Do you still get the kids with the mohawks at your shows?

T.J.: Sometimes, yeah. But we also get a lot newer people, like college people. Just normal guys coming to see a show. It doesn't bother me when punks come

as long as they're going to be into it. If they're coming to see a band of four or five years ago, they're disillusioned. I can see their point if that's what they want to hear. Sometimes I feel sort of bad that they come to see a band that doesn't exist anymore, that we've changed. But that's just the way we've evolved.

RearGarde: When John left the band, people were still expecting the kicking the roof and the wild stage scene, has this changed?

T.J.: Well, that was so contrived, I mean, how could we go out and just jump around and get into it every night. I think the people would sense that you were forcing, not even moving to the song, just in effect for the audience like "I'm gonna jump in this part because I look great!" For me I love moving around and going nuts when I play if I'm really grooving to it. If not, if it's a lame show and it's not going well, I'm not going to try to win them over by jumping around like a fool.

Paul: I think we're still pretty intense live. It's a different kind of intensity.

T.J.: It's more from within ourselves, it's more real.

Paul: We start rocking and feeding off each other and having some fun. I think it's more than just a punk rock circus. (Sean walks in)

Sean: I disagree whole heartedly!

Paul: Why does Sean part his hair to the side?

T.J.: Yeah! What's with the Greg Brady look? (General confusion follows).

RearGarde: Last week at Foufounes you played one song off your previous records. Do you think people are accepting your new material more now?

Paul: That was a very successful show. We went out there, we rocked hard, played some great tunes and it went over very well.

T.J.: I think these people didn't come to hear any old stuff. They were pretty much there to hear what we were playing.

RearGarde: A writer who works for a certain paper recently wrote a pretty bad review of your show. What did you think of that review?

T.J.: I can totally see what he was talking about...

RearGarde: And a few years ago

Maximum Rock n Roll slagged *Contra Rebels*

T.J.: There's always gonna be people who are gonna slag you. I think you can look at it in a positive kind of way. A lot of people put out material and it doesn't get any review whatsoever.

Paul: I think the thing with Warren Campbell was that he completely misread the boat on what we were about.

T.J.: I agreed with what he said in a sense. We're a Rock n Roll band now and he hates Rock n Roll, so obviously he's going to hate us. We're the epitome of Rock n Roll. With all the worst parts and maybe some of the good I guess. But he doesn't understand that we were joking, that's the funny part, the joke was on him because he didn't get it.

Paul: He didn't even slag us musically, he might as well have said "T.J. was

RearGarde: Do you like the Doughboys?

T.J.: They're a pretty good rocking band. I think it's a good thing to see them doing well and I don't feel bad one bit.

RearGarde: Where will the Asexuals be in, say, five years from now?

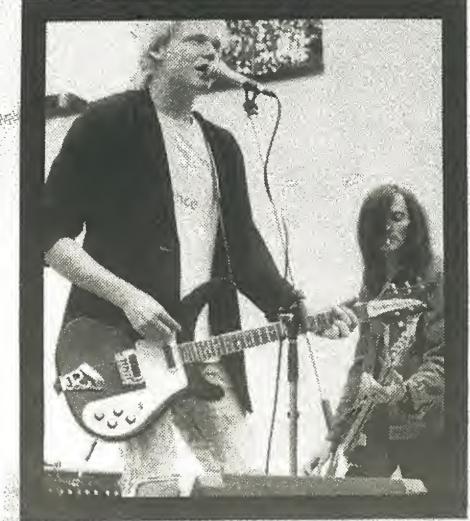
T.J.: I can see us on Solid Gold with Casey Kasum. But then again I could see us as short order cooks in some bogus restaurant, like the one we're playing in now. Whatever comes I'll take. I've made my bed in life and I suppose I'll have to sleep in it.

RearGarde: Last four stupid questions. Who's the greatest band you've ever played with?

T.J.: The Asexuals I think.

Paul: B.T.O. in '74.

Sean: We've played with the Doughboys before!



wearing a brown blazer so they sucked."

Our thing was very tongue in cheek but I guess he has neither tongue nor cheek. He didn't even comment on the songs.

RearGarde: Was the change to singer/guitarist a hard one?

T.J.: Not really, I've always sort of sang quite a bit. In sound check and stuff. I think it was the best move for us. I think John's a lot happier with the Doughboys.

Paul and T.J.: Oooh!! Bad Answer!

Paul: Seriously, we've never played with a fantastic band, a lot of good ones, but the greatest I don't know.

T.J.: None I'd say.

RearGarde: Who's the worst?

T.J.: The Doughboys again.

RearGarde: So they're the greatest and the worst?

T.J.: They have their ups and downs.

Paul:

Like John. Up down, up down.

T.J.: He moves around a lot! You know we could do a mini series on how many bad bands we've played with but the worst? Who would it be Paul?

Paul: (long pause). P.I.L.

T.J.: P.I.L. is the worst.

RearGarde: What's the best city to play in?

T.J.: Ask Sean.

Sean: I agree.

Paul: Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Sean: I agree.

RearGarde: What's the worst city to play in?

Blake: Winnipeg!

T.J.: I don't know.

Blake: Thunderbay.

T.J.: They have good ribs though. Pittsburgh is the worst. We got robbed there. Six people at our show, we had to stay in a one room apartment. It's the worst.

Blake: Who's the worst band you've ever interviewed?

T.J.: Probably us last Saturday.

Paul: You should do a before and after.

RearGarde: Thankfully my tape machine was broken.

Interview conducted by John Ashton.



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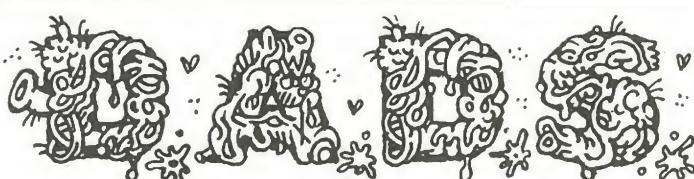
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The Sugar Cubes hail from a mystical place called Reykjavík, Iceland. You've probably read something about them in almost every pop magazine since they toured North America this past summer. What interested RearGarde were the Sugar Cubes' roots in both the strangely artistic and secluded underground in Iceland, and their connections to certain punk movements in Britain in the mid-1980s. They may appear to be a weird pop band in the B52s sense, but if you have the chance to talk to them beyond the music, you'll know that they're not your basic group of musicians. When I spoke to lead singer Bjork, a magical little beast, I got that chance. Read on...and the myths will be dispelled.

RearGarde: What kind of impact did you expect to have on North America?

Bjork: What does impact mean?

RearGarde: Um, a feeling, a strong feeling... did you expect all this publicity and welcoming from this continent?

Bjork: So much has been going on in my life for the last six months or so. Because it's so much, I look at it quite separately. All the travelling, all the new places I'm seeing, also in Iceland I have moved a lot—apartment troubles. I go to Iceland for one week and move all my stuff from one apartment to another, then go three weeks abroad, then coming back home and trying to relax in my flat, then going back abroad. Seeing new countries, new people—that is sort of one half of my life. There is very much going on. The other half is all the attention we've gotten so suddenly. We've been in bands for almost ten years and the bands I've been with have always collaborated with other companies abroad, so the albums I've took part in have always been available abroad. And then, just suddenly, an explosion! Everybody wants to hear *Birthday*. It's such a shock!

RearGarde: Well, that's what I meant by impact. You're all quite surprised aren't you?

Bjork: I'm not exactly surprised. That's not the right word, really. I just can't digest it. You get really suspicious because so many people are telling you how brilliant you are, and it's very much fun and exciting, but I'm trying to be very sure about it. Your question is how America is affecting me.

RearGarde: No, but how has the reaction in America affected you?

Bjork: I'm more into just watching New York. I've never been here before. When I

have time, I do interviews, but I'd rather be walking on the streets, looking at all the huge buildings!

RearGarde: I suppose you've never been to Canada before.

Bjork: No, we haven't. We're quite curious about it.

RearGarde: Speaking historically, I'd like to know about the bands that became the Sugar Cubes. Kükl, for example, was you and Einar?

Bjork: And also the drummer, Sigi.

RearGarde: Kükl started releasing on Crass Records in England, and then also on Gramm Records in Iceland?

Bjork: No, not exactly. It started with some sort of explosion in Reykjavík—no one knows why—around '80/81, and there hadn't been any bands for years.

RearGarde: But there was also Purrkur Pillnik and Toppi Tikarras?

Bjork: That all started in one day or something. It was really like an explosion. In '82 or '83, Einar and another guy named Gunter had been working in a record shop in Iceland. They formed Gramm which is the only independent company in Iceland, and if Gramm didn't exist, Iceland would very easily have ignored everything except Madonna or Michael Jackson. (We both laughed.) I'm serious! It's not a joke! It's like one month ago that Iceland found out that Iggy Pop exists. They realized one month ago *Pump Up the Volume*. Kükl made a single in September '83 and published it themselves, and made a concert in Iceland that was very huge, and two percent of Iceland's population came to it. There were very many bands. Crass also came to play.

RearGarde: All the bands that formed around then, they were involved with Crass weren't they?

Bjork: No it was really only Kükl, because we played in concert and they asked us if we wanted to be on their label. We had to decide if we would be on Crass or on Gramm, and we decided to be on Crass because that would also do some good things in England for Gramm. It would introduce Icelandic music. So that's how Gramm and Crass are involved.

RearGarde: From Kükl, Toppi Tikarras, Purrkur Pillnik, and all the other bands that the members have been with, do you feel that the evolution and the progress has been smooth into what has become the Sugar Cubes?

Bjork: Well, the bands were very much

unlike each other. What was special about Kükl was the old guy from Gramm had a radio program going on for ten years and then the radio station didn't want to have it anymore, and it was the only progressive music program in Iceland.

RearGarde: Why didn't they want to have it anymore?

Bjork: They really only want the commercial stuff. You see, Iceland is like a little village. There is nothing that will be accepted unless it's really popular. The leader of Gramm asked these people, 'Well, this is my last program. Can I have it live and have live music?' And they said alright, and then he chose six people from all the bands who didn't know each other at all, and asked if they would rehearse for two weeks, and then play. We were chosen, and we liked it so much that we quit all the other bands. All we had in common was that we were interested in the new music. It was quite weird. Kükl got into music that was quite hard to digest... is that the way to put it? Very inward and obsessive about what we were doing. It was a very harsh reaction—people either laughed or cried. Kükl exploded as quickly as it was formed, in the spring of '86, and me and Einar and my former husband Thor (the Sugar Cubes' guitarist), and others decided to form a company called Bad Taste. We weren't interested in playing music. We wanted to publish books, records by young bands, poetry, to have a company to have these things because everything was dying in Iceland. The authorities, the media, they ignored it completely. I could talk about that problem for hours. It's simply this morality in Iceland, simply because it's so small. It's natural. These things happen in small societies.

RearGarde: How did the agreement with One Little Indian Records come about? Was that through Crass?

Bjork: Yes, in a way. Purrkur Pillnik toured in '82, and Einar was with them. He got to know Derek, and he is One Little Indian. He asked if he wanted to work with him, and Einar said no, he didn't know who he was. No, fuck off, or something. But Derek was interested in Einar and what he was doing, and stayed in contact with him.

When Kükl got into Crass, there was also a group called Flux of Pink Indians. Derek Birkett was with Flux. When we toured England in '84, we got to know the other bands that were with the Crass tour to benefit the miners' strike. In '85, Derek started One Little Indian with other bands, like Annie Anxiety and Chumba Wumba.

When we formed Bad Taste and released some poetry and printed postcards, some of us decided to form a tasteless pop band. We wanted to play all the clichés in the world. It wasn't exactly to make it big, but members were known as poets rather than being in a band in Iceland. We were in contact with people all over Europe, even from Japan, who were doing similar things. We had a tiny little art gallery of paintings and drawings by people from all over the world, and we got this collection just by writing letters and constant contacts. That's the way we worked with Crass, and that is also the way we work with One Little Indian.

RearGarde: There's a funny story that I heard about the Bad Taste company. You supposedly helped finance Bad Taste by selling tacky postcards to tourists during the political summit in Reykjavík.

Bjork: Well, the first thing Bad Taste did was that one of the people working is a very good watercolor painter, and he did a perfect small painting of Reagan and Gorbachev with a peace sign behind them and flags. Very beautiful, and they're smiling, and it's so beautiful that you don't believe any of it. It was totally commercial. We did

a horrible postcard that we would never buy ourselves. It became popular, and we had to work like maniacs in the night to have enough of the postcards, and all the tourists were asking for them in the shops. It was so very funny. We got enough money to record *Birthday*, and another song, in Icelandic, a 7-inch.

We had money to pay for the album, and to print the single from sugar importers, and I think this is the tackiest thing in the world because the back cover of the single was the logo of the sugar importers, and they paid us for the exposure. That's how we managed. The single got to Britain by a DJ. He played it, and then all the record companies came over to us in Iceland.

RearGarde: The sound on *Life's Too Good* is very cleanly produced, and you're getting lots of attention, you're doing beautiful videos... and I was wondering, never mind the success factor, if you're feeling fulfilled as an artist by being with the Sugar Cubes and making the kind of music that you're doing?

Bjork: I don't look at myself as an artist in the Sugar Cubes. The beginning idea was to create a band, the main word being create. I use certain elements of myself to be able to do the Sugar Cubes brilliant. If I could control how it would be by myself, just myself, it would be different. Not better or worse, just different. It's because I'm only one-sixth of the band. We've all got very different interests outside of the band. I cannot say that yes, I am artistically fulfilled (we both burst into giggles at her attempt at pronunciation), because it's only one thing that I'm able to do. We were in total control of what we were doing a year, even six months ago, but now everything has just gone crazy. I think we're about to land again now. It hasn't affected us badly, necessarily. We did everything for the band and the company ourselves. We thought the rest of the world did things the same, just many, many, many times bigger. I think the same element is there.

RearGarde: You've handled it all very well, and kept your sense of absurdity and your basic elements intact.

Bjork: We will be handling it better, I hope. We've got a new keyboardist, Margrit—she's brilliant. It will be just how we want to be, we hope. There are still so many possibilities.

Interview conducted by Lorrie Edmonds.

ICELAND'S SWEETHEARTS

Filler



These days while watching sports on television they try and portray sports as having a lighter side. Of course in all sports you can put together clips of action that usually end up with high paid athletes crashing into walls or each other or superstars dropping balls or missing passes. In recent years we've even been able to see ex-athletes appear on beer commercials poking fun at the game that was once their livelihood and even at each other.

During any given week of watching major network TV from the States there's a probability of catching people like ex major league baseball players like Joe Gargiula and Bob Eucker or ex major league umpires like Ron Luciano chatting about the more humorous side of America's "favourite pastime".

Is baseball that funny? Or are these snippets of overpaid workers mistakes or ex-professional athletes flogging brew and bios just a scam pulled by some writers in Hollywood.

Obviously everything has it's hilarity if you want it to but Major League Baseball seems to play up the comic side, maybe a bit too much.

During an Expos game in late July (back when they were hot and had a chance at something) I was able to make my way into the Expos clubhouse.

My quest...to find out if baseball players are funny or can they recount a funny story about baseball with no warning.

This was one of those games where the Expos pulled it off in their last at-bats so there was great excitement in the dressing room as well as some confusion. While the horde of reporters with their pack mentality was chasing down the start of the game I was busily sizing up players to confront with my off-the-wall yet in the interests of comedic research, serious question.

Staying away from other "legitimate" reporters as I feared ending up in one of those "notes" sections of the Daily News or the Gazette where I get some award as dumbest question of the year.

During my "attack" I was able to

corner 5 of the Expos and ask the inevitable, "What's the funniest thing that ever happened to you in Baseball?" Here's their responses, you be the judge...

Andy McGaffigan, relief pitcher: "Oh crud, my whole career has been funny. I don't know if I can nail it down to one. Okay, in '83 I was pitchin' and I gave up a homerun to Dale Murphy and my catcher (Bob Brenly) came out to me and said you know Andy 'I think that would have gone out of the stadium but it bounced off the moon and came back.' That kinda summed up my career."

Otis Nixon, outfielder: "Oh christ, you caught me off guard with that question (hence the name of the paper I told him, he didn't find that too amusing). It was one out and I ran all the way to the infield and I just put my head down and thought it was two outs. I had to stop and run all the way back to the outfield. It was on national TV, my friends won't let me forget that one."

Jeff Parrett, relief pitcher: "Oh god, that's kinda tough. Not too many amusing things have happen usually. It's usually amusing to someone besides yourself. In spring training in '86 we were facing the Yankees and I was strugglin' to make the ballclub ang I had given up 7 runs with one out. Buck Rodgers (the manager) came out to the mound and I said Buck I feel really and I'm not tired and he said 'but our outfielders are.'

Dave Martinez, outfielder: "A lot of goofy things happened. One time I thought there was 3 outs and I ran all the way into the infield (sound familiar). Another time we were playing in San Francisco and our pitcher lost his hat and it was real windy, it was dead still and I tried to sneak up on it and just when I went down to grab it, whoosh, it went right through my legs and went all the way to the fence."

Rex Hudler, infielder: "That's a trick question. It wouldn't be on the field if anything. Ya got me. I don't have anything to say to you."

Maybe these answers back up the saying-Funny things happen to funny people." Maybe.

Filler is written, is entirely the responsibility of, and is a good reflection of Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell. We in the editorial department want no 'credit' for it at all.



PHOTOS: Pere Ubu by Chris Salettes; Dennis Brown by Steve Doucet; Sheep Look Up by Sonja Chichak; 54.40 by Sonja Chichak; My Dog-Popper by Chris Salettes

Art-Core Benefit

Foufounes

August 26 (or so)

Okay, so the opening band is from Boston, which doesn't say much but they were quite good—no Aerosmith copies here. Energetic young boys, just the way I like 'em. The crowd of about 20 were attentive but hardly appreciative. What d'ya expect at the ungodly hour of 8:30... I hadn't even had a beer yet. Anyway, the **Gigolo Aunts**, as they're called, have a future (in music) if they can continue the hard intensity of that night before they grow old. Some advice: Change of name and new haircuts... Onwards...

Barely time for a beer before my ears witnessed a raunchy polka tune happening on the other side. Jeers and cheers as Infamous Bastard Chico brazenly polkaed in the pit with some unknown boy. Hmm. **Me Mom and Morgentaler** were the band responsible for this and went on to wreak more havoc with some really great ska. These boys can skank, and sport nifty do's too. Now if they can only get the chick with the accordian to follow suite they'd really be somethin'. Insightful tips on drooling and a soaring saxophone heated the crowd and got them 'fun band' label of the night.

I think **Hazy Azure** were next. Unlike what the name implies, no recycled Zeppelin riffs here. These boys are hard-rockin', head-bangin', gut-wrenchin' psychos. I was totally impressed, and Trevor's giving me a backrub between sets had nothing to do with it. Their mixture of an almost funky-type twist in the songs throws you off from typical metal and makes them hot... these guys were smokin'. Lead singer Iggy (another one!?) belts out with incredible furor and intensity to the point of psycho agression. Listened to Ig but couldn't keep eyes off boys with the hair. Trevor's certainly giving DBC's Phil competition with those locks and boy can he move. Yum yum.

Infamous Bastards also played this night. They started off bit weird and fucked up a few times. To the rescue, that hard-rockin' double-bass drummer Billie, keeping pace (it takes a woman), and then the boys got wild. This band is always a lot of fun and tonight was no exception. Stage diving and audience sing-along ran rampant. We even lost sight of Chico in the pit for a while and Celso decided to attack the audience before it all ended. Did anybody notice Chico's new homeboy look? Best stage performance yet.

Well, after these guys, **SCUM** seemed slow and almost boring in comparison. Undoubtedly good and professional but I'd rather drink. Get those young boys back on stage.

DBC also played but I didn't stay. Talked to Phil and Eddy beforehand though and they were both kinda sick and tired. Phil bet he'd lose his voice halfway thru. In any case, DBC are always hot: Like a good lay—fast, hard and sweaty... and then gone.

I'm sure the benefit was a success, even though I didn't get a sticker. I'm sure.

Rula
She: Whoa! You almost lost an eyeball to a rooster cone there.

I: Never can be too careful.

Later we agreed that **My Dog Popper** are a visual feast with meaty substance and interesting head-gear.

Lizard and Dorkine



The Beatnigs
Foufounes Electriques

September 8

The Beatnigs impressed many people including myself at their September show. Many people here in Montreal haven't yet seen a performance quite like theirs. The closest I could get to defining what type of music they play is kind of industrial.

They played a very entertaining set with one member of the band slamming chains against a metal board, another hitting metal or any other object lying around on stage with hammers, a DJ producing interesting noise, two energetic drummers and a clear, powerful vocalist. They each created a rhythm that blended together so well.

They're a bunch of really cool looking guys—some rastas, some DJs, some others—that covered the stage with rags and cloths and banners. It looked like a mess, but it looked cool. Atmospheric. They even tried a little audience participation, getting some folks up on stage to bang out their own rhythms. All in all, it was just a really friendly type of show.

They will return to Montreal in the near future (I hope). Don't miss 'em.

Nadia

The Plants, Sheep Look Up
Les Foufounes Electriques

August 12

As expected, **The Plants** lived up to their reputation as another painfully generic bar band. Maybe the band members should consider other career alternatives.

Sheep Look Up had a slow start, but as the room filled up and the beer pitchers emptied, there seemed some hope. Seemingly feeding off of the crowd's energy, the band created a unique magnetism that's rare in Montreal. Quite appropriate for the dark eariness of the Foufounes, the herd transformed themselves into masters of doom and gloom.

As a statement of today's society, the song *No Good Men* typified the musical and lyrical slant of this thinking band. A few of the tunes were spiced with saxophone, differentiating them from yet other alternative bands.

The heavy and somewhat imposing rhythm section added to the powerful sounds emanating from these sheep. A little swing of Matt Owen's bum to the heavy tempo was the extent of the Sheep Look Up's stage activity. The only questionable quirk was that he had his back to the audience throughout most of the show.

Sonja Chichak

Holy Terror, Kreator, D.R.I.
Spectrum

August 15 (or so)

It was a night of speed-metal mayhem at the Spectrum. First up were California's **Holy Terror**. They put on a surprisingly good show for a band I've never heard of before. They were more melodic than your

typical speed metal band. The singer in particular was a good frontman who has a powerful voice. However, most of the folks in the audience didn't seem too impressed with their set.

Next on the bill were German thrashers **Kreator**. They put on a fast and frantic set



which the crowd loved.

Finally, after a short break, it was the **Dirty Rotten Imbeciles'** turn to prove themselves—something they had no problem in doing. The band was tight and the sound was excellent. In fact, Kurt's vocals sounded at least as good, if not better than they do on record.

As I expected, they played a lot of material from *Crossover* and their new album *4 Of A Kind*, which pleased all the metalheads in the audience. Songs like *Think For Yourself* and *Slumlord* went over really well. However, it was their older songs like *I Don't Need Society*, *Nursing Home Blues* and *Violent Pacification* that received the strongest reaction from the crowd. I've never seen so much stage diving at a show before. Kids were flying all over the place.

All in all, a good time was had by everyone.

Selim S.

Weddings, Parties, Anything
Café Campus

September 11

Interesting pedigree: A name nicked from *London Calling*, an unfair reputation as "the Australian Pogues", and a friendly Canadian debut album unfortunately marred by some CHR-friendly production. That album, *The Roaring Days*, buried some interesting songs beneath a surface sheen that tried to integrate rather than spotlight their folk roots.

Onstage, however, they were more relaxed, more open to exploring and illuminating the sentiments in lead singer Mick Thomas's songs than with being "tight" or "catchy" or any other of those clichés. The band is actually very funny, warmer and more playful than you would have imagined after listening to their LP. Songs with good intentions but portentously performed on record (*Sisters of Mercy, Roaring Days*) came across as earnest, honest.

CONCERT



concert was a small-scale triumph of dity if nothing else, adding distinc-
the anonymity of the weaker bits of
im. They also played a couple of
vers—Nick Lowe's *Marie Provost*
hard and Linda Thompson's *I Want*
The Bright Lights Tonight, the latter
ch they should commit to vinyl
ately.

king Maritimers Basic English fil-
nages of love, naked bodies and
ntal highways through a standard,
keable country-based rock and roll
asic, and in English.

Stanley Whyte

Pere Ubu
oda
ber 15

of all, very special guest John Cale
king boring as shit.

sing as many melodramatic love
s you'd ever want to hear in yo'
. He bangs on his tack—like piano
lly Joel with a prune juice enema
is ass.

such "ahem" "poetic" exhortions
hem all at home that I'm doing fine"
e've reached the end, end, end
ihhhh!!!!!" He carried on with a
lesperation we could all do without.
am Burroughs says that "The man
ys late." While John Cale did a
ersion of *Waiting For The Man* we
iting for the show to end.

their part Pere Ubu were considera-
er. They play a tight, well executed
ian repertoire from a rather ob-
lection of semi-tonal arrange-

ell the addition of the contemporary
ummer Chris Cutler made for some
id exact percussive configurations.
impressive array of percussion
and a solid attack of guitar, bass and
zzer made for an overall well or-

cheated presentation, if perhaps abit too
symetrical, with their portly front person
continually asking "Are there any ques-
tions?" we had to say "who cuts your hair?

Steve Doucet

Art Bergman, 54.40
Loyola Campus Center
September 12

Before an unsuspecting audience, Art
Bergman bravely stood on stage in an
unpreferable venue. Despite these ob-
stacles, he managed to prepare the crowd
for the band they really came to see. The
vocals were a little rough around the edges,
but this was quickly compensated for by the
tight rhythm section and distracting back-
ing vocals.

Reacting to the silence of the audience,
Bergman provoked "What do you think this
is, a coffee house? Stand up!" A few dance-
to-anything types did, becoming a large
part of the spectacle themselves. The best by
far was the closing tune *My Empty House*
which did a superb job of building tension
for the opening act.

From the bias of a die-hard 54.40 fan, the
show was unforgettable. From the loud
driving edge of the guitars, to the thunder-
ous bursts of drumming to the mesmerizing

vocals, the total effect was spellbinding.
The strong rhythm section built a founda-
tion for the heavy guitar-thrashing that
54.40 is known for. This one will live on in
the memories of many.

The opening song *Come With Me* beck-
oned the audience to start rocking. Even the
less—than—satisfactory sound of the
venue became insignificant. The dark
smokey ambiance only intensified the
hypnotic stage presence of this "not talked
about enough" band. By the second number
Me Island singer Neil Osborne had estab-
lished a close communication with the
audience. Playing five unrecorded songs
didn't seem to dount the spirits of the
head—bopping masses.

Audience favorites were the less known,
less commercial songs like *Miss You, Here
In My House* and *One Gun*. The sound was
raw, imposing and well-directed. The only
possible qualm was that the tinny key-
boards added a small touch of synth-pop to
an otherwise hard—edged rock sound.
Leaping off vinyl and produced sound, the
band came to life and played real unpol-

ished music. Their no frills Rock'n'Roll has
a strength and power that paves the way for
the profound lyrical messages that sets
54.40 well—above contemporary counter-
parts.

by Sonja Chichak

**Das Damen, Bubblegum Army
Les Foufounes Electriques
September 16**

I got to Les Foufounes at about 10:00
after a long exhausting drive from the
boonies. The cops finally arrived at 10:05
slapping their flashlights in their palms,
acting like cops do. They're at Les
Foufounes so often that they should change
their name to Station 97 and put up a booth
in the corner, chock full of cops.

Anyhow, Bubblegum Army got on at
about 10:45 and told the crowd that the cops
said that they could only play for about 20
minutes. What a bunch of liars. To tell you
the truth, the bassist had a striking ressem-
blance to the Liars on Saturday Night Live.
Well...that's what I thought at least. They
played the type of music that if you'd hear
it on the radio, you'd slap in a tape. They
were only on stage for 20 minutes, thank
God.

After a long 45 minute wait Das Damen
hopped on stage. These guys looked promis-
ing and I was right. By this time
Foufounes was about half full, consisting of
true Das Damen fans which kept the band
rockin' the entire show.

Das Damen were a loud, aggressive,
hard rockin', hair swaying band that turned
my frown upside down. As soon as these
guys started playing I noticed how much
they reminded me of the Doughboys. Das
Damen do not look as marketable as the
Doughboys but I think they're going to do
extremely well in the music scene.

This is the type of band that will end up
making a lot of money and also have a lot of
fun on the way. There wasn't any crowd
participation except for a few people swaying.
What a shame.

Get these guts together with another cool
band and you've got one hell of a show on
your hands.

Derek Lebrero

**Dennis Brown
Club Soda**

A decidedly romantic and chic Dennis
Brown rocked out at Club Soda with class
and effortless exuberance.

Shucking and jiving his way through a
host of Brown classics as well as three
Marley numbers. His eight piece band
went shinig on til every chic soul in atten-
dance was waving against apartheid and
calling for the release of Nelson Mandela
(aren't we all somewhere in our heart of
hearts if not in our entire being).

Mr. Brown warmed up the Soda some-

thing this side of mobile as the Jah Chil-
dren kept jamming till the jamming's
through and then some.

Special mention should be given to in-
trepid independant producer Clement
Davis for his outstanding efforts in bring-
ing us three remarkable reggae concerts of
late.

While Dennis Brown was well attended,
the Theatre St.Denis was only half-filled
for Burning Spear. The time has come to
make your presence felt at these seminal
Rasta celebrations. So people, forget your
troubles and dance.

Steve Blass

**Iggy Pop
Spectrum
August 19**

What a night to remember! After seeing
Iggy Pop several times in the last ten years,
never was he this amazing. Thankfully,
he's dumped the Bowie-influenced non-
sense and large-venue opening-act shtick.
Iggy belongs on a stage where his singing
and performing talents can be appreciated,
where his true fans can witness Iggy at his
best.

He can runnning onstage in a black leather
biker outfit and, without a seconds delay,
launched into the title track off his fab new
album, *Instinct*.

Wiht no time between songs he ripped
into *1969* and then *1970* like he hadn't done
'em in years. It was no coincidence that half
the show was from the new album and *Raw
Power*. In concert, Iggy's band gives the
new songs the edge they lack on the album.

Iggy was no fool when he put his band
together. They're young, enthusiastic players
who treat the old songs the way they
should be done: Raw, intense and screamin'
from the depths of hell like the Iggy
himself.

Iggy put on a performance that would
shame a man half his age. I can't recall
seeing a performer with such energy, flexi-
bility and stamina. And his voice has never
sounded so powerful. He did old tunes like
Search and Destroy, *Penetration* and *Kill
City* like he was discovering them for the
first time.

He danced, pranced, flexed, rolled,
crawled and contorted himself continually.
His interplay with the audience had the
front rows (females in particular) goin'
crazy. At a couple of points during the show
he even dove into the crowd, kicking and
screaming and being passed around like a
rag-doll in a chaotic frenzy that had the
security guards freakin'.

Iggy is back, mean and evil as never
before, with a bad rockin' band and
screamin' wild with a vengeance. My con-
clusion: Best fuckin' show of the summer.

Zippy



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Aki Takase 10\$
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Evan Parker et
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30. BLACK MONDAY
HALLOWEEN PARTY

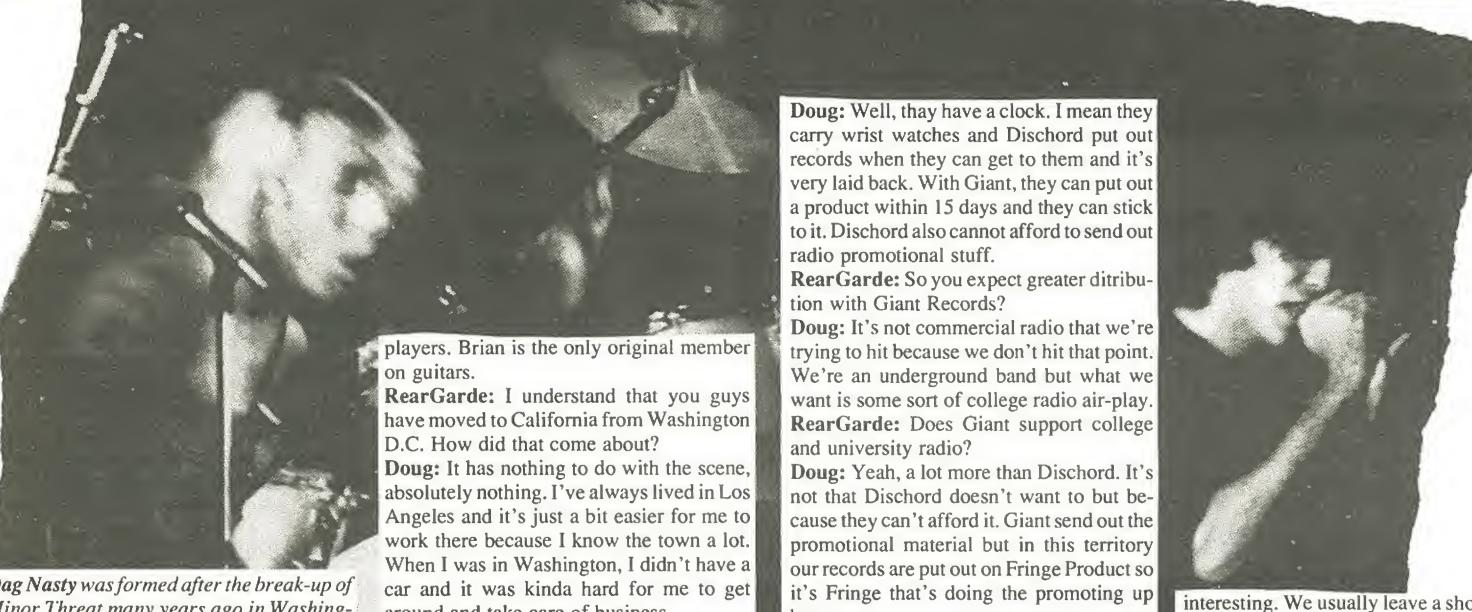
31. BLACK MONDAY
HALLOWEEN PARTY

**FOUFOUNES
ELECTRIQUES**

97 ST-CATHERINE EST

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PHOTO: RULA



Dag Nasty was formed after the break-up of Minor Threat many years ago in Washington D.C.. Ex-Minor Threat bassist Brian Baker joined forces with three others to form the band and the result was their first album Can I Say in 1986. In my opinion and the band's, Can I Say was the hardest and heaviest album they've put out, they add "The people who really liked the first album won't be hearing the same on our new records."

After their album Wig Out At Denko's many thought that Dag Nasty were heading toward the commercial side. You might change your mind after reading this interview, then again you might not.

RearGarde: I'd like to start off this interview by saying that a lot of people in Montreal would like to know why there have been so many cancellations.

Doug: Well, if you've give us the times, we'll give you the reasons.

RearGarde: There was the last show not too long ago...

Doug: We cancelled the last one because U.K.Subs and Broken Bones had a riot at their show and the club as well as the bands cancelled on us. That clears that one, are there any others?

RearGarde: Yeah, you cancelled at the Corrosion Of Conformity show last summer and also an all-age matinee earlier that year.

Doug: Right, we were on tour with a guy named Glenden who was filling in for Colin Sears. Glenden was an awful drummer and we cancelled the whole tour because of him, so we didn't play any shows because the band sucked. We just thought it would have been better to turn back and go home.

Peter: We played that all-age show though. It was with the Descendents two years ago.

RearGarde: You put out hard tunes on your first album *Can I Say*, then on *Wig Out At Denko's* you seem to have mellowed out a little. Do you feel you are getting commercial in any way?

Doug: No, the band just gets better at writing songs and hopefully we'll keep progressing into, if you want to call it that, a better sound. We call it better, we definitely call it better.

Peter: Yeah, we're just playing what we like.

Doug: I mean we tour 140 nights a year and, for God's sake, why should we be playing stuff we don't like? We're the ones up there on stage breaking the sweat, we might as well play what we like. We like our songs for the most part even though we sometimes get tired of playing them every night. As far as the progression, it's just probably because people get better or you learn from each disc like "Wow, maybe I should try this." Every time you finish an album you always wish you could go back and fix something. Then you remember whatever you missed and head back to the studio.

Peter: The changes in members also affects a lot of things.

RearGarde: What have been the membership changes?

Peter: Well, let's see, since the first album we've changed singers, drummers and bass

players. Brian is the only original member on guitars.

RearGarde: I understand that you guys have moved to California from Washington D.C. How did that come about?

Doug: It has nothing to do with the scene, absolutely nothing. I've always lived in Los Angeles and it's just a bit easier for me to work there because I know the town a lot. When I was in Washington, I didn't have a car and it was kinda hard for me to get around and take care of business.

Brian: We don't even play in L.A. that often anyway.

Peter: It's like that for a band that lives there. We don't play L.A. unless we're on tour and that's it.

Doug: We play in L.A. maybe once in every eight months, like any other city.

RearGarde: Why is that so?

Doug: We don't like to burn people out. When people see too much of you, you become a novelty try and it's just not exciting anymore. We don't want to bore people.

RearGarde: Do you prefer the scene in L.A. to Washington D.C.?

Peter: We don't really consider ourselves part of any scene, I mean the music scene wherever we are isn't the important aspect in why we're there.

RearGarde: Do you enjoy touring?

Peter: Yeah, touring is great.

Brian: It has to be if we spend a third of every year touring. If we're out that many days and weeks a year, we'd better like it.

RearGarde: You went through a label change from Dischord to Giant Records. Does that have anything to do with your moving to California?

Doug: No, it has nothing to do with our moving. Dischord is a good label, they're very selective of the products they put out.

They also have a lot of bands on their label that have broken up and no longer exist, so they don't have to comply with any sort of time schedule and Dag Nasty being a touring band has to have its products in the stores when the band is touring or else it's futile to tour. You know when you go out and you're playing people say "Wow! Those are some great songs, can I buy the record?" and if you say "No, the record doesn't come up here for another six months," you look like a jerk.

RearGarde: So you're saying that Giant Records distributes more?

Doug: Well, they have a clock. I mean they carry wrist watches and Dischord put out records when they can get to them and it's very laid back. With Giant, they can put out a product within 15 days and they can stick to it. Dischord also cannot afford to send out radio promotional stuff.

RearGarde: So you expect greater distribution with Giant Records?

Doug: It's not commercial radio that we're trying to hit because we don't hit that point. We're an underground band but what we want is some sort of college radio air-play.

RearGarde: Does Giant support college and university radio?

Doug: Yeah, a lot more than Dischord. It's not that Dischord doesn't want to but because they can't afford it. Giant send out the promotional material but in this territory our records are put out on Fringe Product so it's Fringe that's doing the promoting up here.

RearGarde: Obviously you've changed musically but have you changed lyrically?

Doug: Well being an outsider during the first Dag Nasty line-up, I'll say from *Wig Out At Denko's* on Peter's words haven't



interesting. We usually leave a show with a positive feeling, but some of them are pretty shitty.

Brian: Yeah, not every night is a winner.

Doug: Usually the loser nights are because the people get out of control and it isn't very requisite to have a lot people at all. When people are knocking microphones over or stage diving, it upsets me for having a bad night.

Peter: We've worked very hard trying to harmonize our vocal part. Doug sings in the background all the time when he's playing bass so he can't hold the microphone. When people come up on stage and knock over the mikes, we can't do what we've worked very hard preparing for.

RearGarde: Are there any cities where you like playing or where you've got your 'positive feeling'?

Doug: Muncie, Indiana was a cool city where there couldn't have been more than 11 people in the club and Trenton, New Jersey was another one.

Peter: I would like to add Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Brian: Toronto is alright, too.

Peter: Sometimes things really change though because at one point people at a club called The Anthrax in Connecticut really loved us but on the last tour they couldn't stand us.

RearGarde: I don't mean to be too critical or rude, but...

Peter: Go right ahead.

RearGarde: Okay, let's imagine a group of 30 people who were into Dag Nasty. With the release of your last two albums 15 are really disappointed. (Very diplomatic-ed.) What do you have to say about that?

Brian: Yeah, it's because they like *Youth of Today* a lot...

Doug: So they should buy those records.

Peter: Well, if they don't like what they're hearing then that's just it because we don't have a responsibility to any audience. If

someone really liked the first album and doesn't like what we're doing now then I don't give a shit. On the other hand they don't have a responsibility either. If the *Can I Say* album defines what they are into then they obviously won't like our new records.

Doug: When I got a letter in the mail where a person is telling me they don't like our new record, I don't apologize. I'll tell them if they send me the record I'll give them their money back because I've done that before. I'm not offended at all when this happens. Fuck, I think it's great when someone has the guts to stand up and say "I don't like your new material." We have the ability to make five more *Can I Say* albums but we won't do that.

RearGarde: Is there anything or any bands that influence your music?

Doug: I'm influenced by Gang of Four a lot. As well as the Smiths, the Beatles and Killing Joke.

RearGarde: Any punk or hardcore?

Doug: I stopped listening to hardcore when I was sixteen. I'm 23 years old now and I don't own any 'fast' records. The last fast thing I listened to that I thought was good was the first Minor Threat single.

RearGarde: If you don't listen to fast music or hardcore any more then why are there a couple of fast tunes on your new album *Field Day*?

Doug: Well, just because those songs are fast doesn't mean I listen to fast or punk music at all. I mean, I was playing real fast when I was with the Descendents.

Peter: If I wasn't in Dag Nasty I don't know if I would have bought the last two albums. We all compromise with what we want to put in our music so this isn't necessarily the type of music we hunt down for.

Brian: I still like some punk bands. I like Bad Brains and the Stupids a lot.

Doug: Yeah, there's still some good punk bands out there... somewhere.

RearGarde: Again, I'm not trying to get rude (*Go ahead—ed.*) but do you know that there are some people out there that think you try to put yourselves over as rock stars.

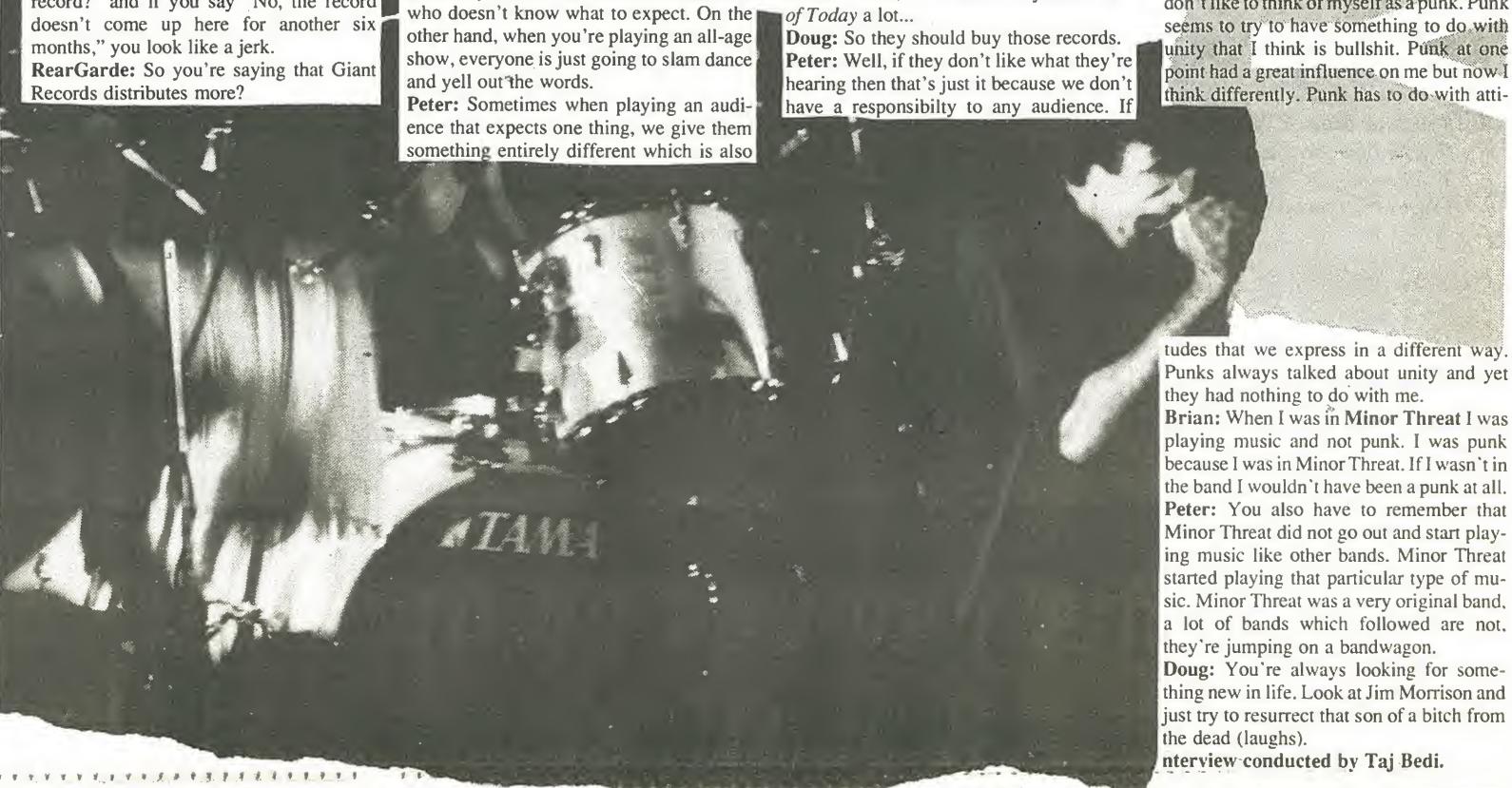
Peter: Well, put it this way, if we were rock stars would we be playing here (*Foufounes*)? The band is obviously not going to be a commercial success because... just look at our audience and think again. To me, that concept really blows me away.

Doug: If we were trying hard to be rock stars then I would hate for them to meet Whitesnake (laughs). I mean we travel in a van and we're just a regular bunch of piss-ons (laughs).

Peter: If the idea of us trying to be rock stars has anything to do with attitudes of punks seeing themselves as punks then that's crazy. I think that's one of the reasons I don't like to think of myself as a punk. Punk seems to try to have something to do with unity that I think is bullshit. Punk at one point had a great influence on me but now I think differently. Punk has to do with attitude.

Doug: You're always looking for something new in life. Look at Jim Morrison and just try to resurrect that son of a bitch from the dead (laughs).

Peter: Interview conducted by Taj Bedi.



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Sonja Chichak

by Sonja Chichak

"We've never done anything differently from the time when we started out, playing Queens (University) to today," says Gord Downie, lead singer of **The Tragically Hip** who are still dumbfounded by their new popularity.

This music is about consistence and a perpetual balance of the forces tugging a band in different directions. The seriousness of their song *Cemetery Sidewalk* is quickly compensated for by the humour of *I'm a Werewolf Baby*. Both songs can be found on the self-titled, seven-track mini-LP released earlier this year.

This first effort was "only meant as a demo tape and it sold" remembers drummer Johnnie Fay, weighing his words carefully. The nationally acclaimed album has already sold over twenty thousand copies, yielded two videos and a top-forty hit in *Smalltown Bringdown*.

"The self-titled album seemed to make sense. No one even really knew the name of the band or were familiar with our music. It sort of goes along with the calling-card image of the record itself which is sort of an audio representation of us," explains Downie.

So where did this *Tragically Hip* concept come from in the first place?

"I've laboured over the name myself, trying to figure out what it means. It has a couple of meanings. I think it refers more directly to a person than a state. As an example I always think of Derek Sanderson from the Boston Bruins."

"Okay, I don't know what the hell it means. A name is a name is a name."

John Lennon could tell you that—if he were still alive. As long as people remember it and associate it with us. Looking at it from a business standpoint, which I don't often really like to do, you play to get people to remember you so you can play some more," says Downie.

Armed with a trendy name and a few touching ideologies, this Kingston quintet won't easily be forgotten.

The real test, according to Downie,

HIP

is "If you can say the name without feeling goofy about it. I've been in bands when I was younger that didn't have cool names and I sort of cringed every time someone asked me. Names like *The Slinks*, and *The Filters*."

Don't be misled by the flashy exterior of **The Tragically Hip**; much thought and effort has won them their commercial popularity. "The attention is great but we never lose sight of the whole thing, we're just up there to have a good time and play," explains Fay.

"I think you've got to admittedly be psyched; when you first decide to be in a band. At some point your ego will allow you to do it. You've got to have a certain kind of ego to allow you to decide to do it in the first place. So when you get the gratification for doing what you do, it swells your ego to a certain extent, but just to the level you want, the level you're trying to achieve."

"You want some kind of ego mas-

sage by being in a band, and you're getting it. So when you get a record out, you initially think 'Wow!' You're looking at the little RCA dog listening to the gramophone, thinking—that's our name. That's a real ego boost. Then you can't put a hat on anymore. Then you realize that it doesn't matter too much in the context of what you're really doing," says Downie. The band obviously loves what they do.

With the skeleton out of the closet, and enough quotes to write a psychological profile, we continue to examine the effects of pseudo-success on the Hipsters.

"The record contract really hasn't affected the way we play or present ourselves," says Downie. "We've never run into much resistance from the record company as far as what image they want us to foster. I guess people are getting the right idea because we've never really changed it."

The record company's role quickly shifts from silent partner to depersonalizing villain the second the subject of song credit is brought up.

"It's hard to measure certain people's input into songs. A lot of times you have industry guys insist that you differentiate. They want only a couple of names, of the guys who put it on paper. A lot of times a song can evolve ten-fold just by jamming it out on acoustic guitar on your couch, to the band's presentation of it. Johnnie's input, for instance, is instrumental. It's not like he doesn't take part in writing the songs because the first time the band bangs out a new song, it's up to him as to what he wants to do. No one's telling him how to play it."

Band politics is clearly important to the members as individuals. But personal identity within the group isn't lost even when functioning smoothly as a team.

"My general purpose is to have a good time, to sing until it's really not fun anymore. Pray that day never comes. There are times when you wonder why the hell you're doing it, but that always dissipates in favour of a better feeling," says Downie.

"I can take responsibility for the lyrics of four of our songs... You write what you feel at a particular time in your life, and if it so happens that that time is a bit grey in, say, the area of a man and a woman's relationship, you're probably going to sing grey lyrics. But I think they fit the songs, and the songs fit the mood and who knows,

HIP

maybe tomorrow I'll write about daisies blooming in the spring," explains Downie.

The hilarious song *I'm a Werewolf Baby*, he says, "was just a joke, we whipped it off in fifteen minutes. I liked the lyrics when they first came to me because they sort of rhymed and fit the mood. Since then I've taken a lot of flak about not taking enough responsibility to make lyrics more sublime. It's kind

HIP

of an innane song about an innane idea".

"Gord Sinclair (the bassist) wrote *Smalltown Bringdown* not so much about a town as about a guy in a town, because the town is small: It's about a big fish in a small pond, sort of autobiographical in a sense." Completing the band's lineup Bobby Baker and Paul Langlois contribute their skill on guitar.

Together since highschool **The Tragically Hip** are often accused of not living up to their reputation of dynamic live performances on vinyl. Granted, their first release is a tad overproduced, but the essence of their music can still be found. Lacking in power and energy, that delicate balance is quickly restored with striking lyrical symbols. The band seems to be taking the newly found recognition in stride.

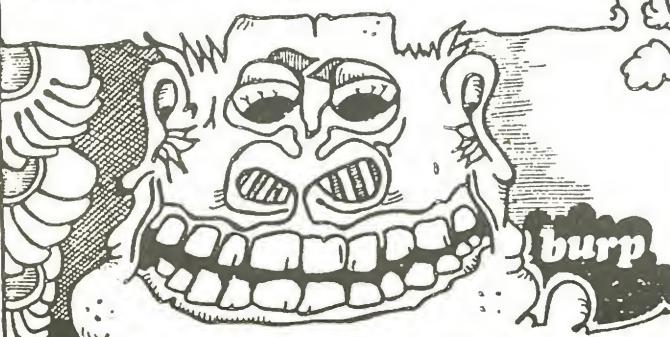
"In Kingston, people come up and ask where we're playing next... Sometimes you'll be walking along the street and some guy honks a horn and says 'Hey man, saw you're video, right on'. That's not an ego massage, just someone digging what you do, as opposed to throwing a rock at you or trying to run you down," adds Downie.

Deepest heartfelt condolences go to the band members of **The Tragically Hip**, who even throughout constant touring and eating at McDonald's every day, still couldn't manage to win the customer version of the game *Monopoly*. The attention obviously hasn't gone to their heads.

MITCH BRISSEBOIS

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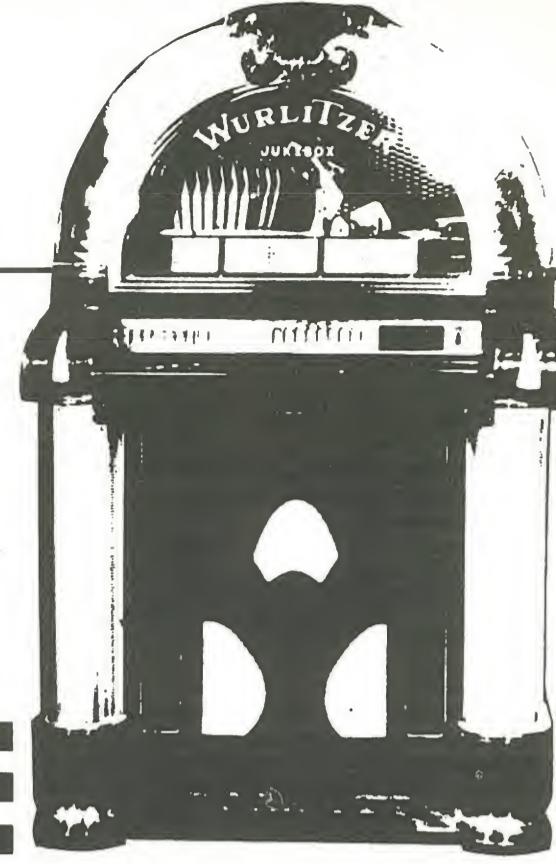
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ON THE RECORD

The Fatal Flowers, Johnny D. Is Back
A better BTO revival than BTO could do themselves. Granted, it's completely lacking in originality, but the music does come alive at a few points. Some of these are sleepers like *Second Chance* and *There Were Times*. The song *Round and Round* perfectly describes the only thing that this album is capable of doing really well. (WEA)

Sonja Chichak

Band of Susans, Hope Against Hope
This five member band has three women named Susan and two men. Hence the name. The sound is a solid wall of guitars, with three guitars and a bass. The drums bash out a rock steady beat. The bass is wandering along, not just as a back beat, but up front with the rhythm. The band's use of three guitars that are delayed/reverbed, that jangle and intermingle, and wind in and out of each other, create a woven fabric of sound. I saw them live at Foufounes and enjoyed it, even though it was a different band than on the album. (Blast First, 262 Mott St. Room 324, New York NY, USA 10012).

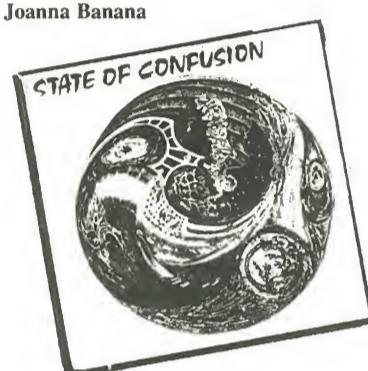
Greg Miller

Devo, Total Devo

Remember those silly guys with flowerpots on their heads? Well, they're back, (they never really went away) with self-proclaimed digital cartoons from the de-evolution band. The band has evolved, regardless of their name. They aren't as silly anymore, and therefore not as much fun. The sound is still funky electrical keyboards, and the record is well produced. It sounds good but will probably only please some die-hards. Also contains a Devo version of *Don't Be Cruel*. (Enigma/Capitol)
Greg Miller

Tinsley Ellis, Georgia Blue

Tinsley Ellis may be a new name to us northerners, but down south he's been building an audience for the last ten years. This is his first release with Alligator Records, a label that specializes in blues and reggae. He can be compared with the other white blues guitarists, Johnny Winter and Stevie Ray Vaughan. So, if you're into blues and tired of your old records, get this one. It's great. (Alligator/WEA).
Greg Miller



Voivod, Dimension Hatross
Ever feel like travelling in a non-bodily manner without the use of costly narcotics? Voivod's fourth album has that rare ability of suspending reality as you know it and taking you far away—a soundtrack to somewhere. Musically, it pounds and shifts. Much strangeness and imagination. Metal, industrially, classically, atmospherically textured metal. Speed and rhythm and intricate structure changes. Too complicated to be easy and relaxing. Not quite like anything else around. (Maze Music, P.O.Box 249 Station M, Toronto, Ont M6S 4T3).

E.Griffiths

Sodom

Here's another one of those speed metal bands from Germany to join the ranks of **Kreator, Destruction and Paradox**. What does Sodom have to offer that is new and interesting unlike any other band I've heard? All the music is very cliché as far as speed metal goes. Singer Tom Angel Ripper tries to sound mean, scary and sick. Chris Witchhunter is fast and fanatic. The best song on this album is a cover version of **Motorhead's Iron Fist**, however Motorhead do it so much better, so I see no reason for getting this album at all. (Steam Hammer Records, no address available).
Selim S.

MOD, Surfin' M.O.D.

Well, now this is really unexpected. The first MOD album consisted of outrageously heavy thrash which insulted blacks, hindus, homosexuals and women. This new mini album is completely different. I don't know how you'd classify this. I suppose you can just call it fun beach party music done with a strong sense of humor. They do good cover versions of *Surfin' U.S.A.* and *Shout* which aren't as different from the original as I would have expected. My only complaint is that both sides of this record are identical except that side one features funny comments and bits of conversations between songs. (Caroline Records, 5 Crosby Street, New York, NY)

Selim S.

D.R.I. Dirty Rotten/Violent Pacification
This record is a repackaging of the *Violent Pacification* session and the first D.R.I. album. Still you're getting less than half an hour of music. Of the 26 songs, only six are longer than a minute. But as they say, it's quality that counts, not quantity. What we

stuff would've given Freud a field day. One thing's for certain, you won't be bored. Oh, and don't listen if you're squeamish. (Dutch East India Trading, P.O.Box 800, Rockville Center, NY, NY 1157-0800).

Joanna Banana

Lime Spiders, Volatile

When I first put this record on I couldn't help but compare them to another sixties inspired rock'n'roll band from Australia... yep, the **Hoodoo Gurus**. The difference? Well, they don't have the trademark Gurus wild hair, psychedelic shirts or any such slick image. Their sound is different much in the same way: The Spiders are rougher, the vocals are raspy, the music's got more grungeless beat. It's got my thumbs-up. If you like your tunes this way grab a copy. (Virgin/A&M).

Joanna Banana

Nurse With Wound, Soliloquy For Lilith
Have you ever turned on the light switch at three in the morning, after having come back from a stroll on the beach? The first thing you'll see isn't darkness. There's a whole undiscovered universe between light and dark, even though it only lasts a split second. Nurse With Wound's new triple album drags you into this world with a hypnotic pull. This packaging is slightly expensive (about \$50), but if you have had the pleasure to experience their experimental style of music, this is a must. I've never seen a group improve so much with each release. Unfortunately, if you've never had the opportunity to listen to them, you may find this album sounds like your refrigerator when it's empty. (United diaries, 2 Deepdale, Monsell Road N42 EH)

Mr. Breakfast

Current 93/Nurse With Wound, Faith's Favourites

This 12" is categorized under Current 93 who play *Ballad Of the Pale Girl* which is a totally acoustic piece with extremely bold and brutal lyrics. It's very raw, but at the same time curves to a slick alternative and folk ballad. A beautiful collage of images. As for Nurse with Wound, they play *Swamp Rat* which was previously released on a limited edition of a hundred copies on an album entitled *Drunk*. This tune itself is filled with an arrangement of surprises, and not to be ignored. (Current 93, BM Wound, London, England WC1N 3XX).

Mr. Breakfast

Joe Satriani, Not Of This Earth

Joe is best known for being rock guitar-god Steve Vai's old guitar teacher. But now Joe himself wants a piece of the action. This, his debut, is full of good but semi-original guitar playing and catchy, repetitive melodies. It's all guitar solos, many of which sound a lot like Vai's. There's a lot of talent in his playing, but I can't help but feel like I've heard all this before. The main downer on the record is the drumming. I've never heard a more boring drummer in my life—it's worse than most drum machines. But there is some memorable stuff, such as the raunchy *Hordes Of Locusts*. In all, an instrumental version of the new wave of heavy metal. (Relativity/WEA).

Louis R.

Hurricane Zouk

Zouk is a Creole word that refers to the Afro-disco/soca/Calypso hybrid originating in the French Antilles, Guadeloupe and Martinique. It's relatively new, but already it is producing more records and bands and influencing more people than one can keep track of. As third world music continues to expand and be increasingly available in North America, it'll soon be impossible to make sense of the imminent flood. So latch onto this ebullient, lively compilation before it gets lost in history. As well, no record collection is complete without something by **Francky Vincent, aka Doctor Porn**. (Virgin/A&M).

Stanley Whyte

Feedtime, Shovel

Oz noise trio who sing about dead ends, boredom, love found and (more often) lost. And they sing about it as if they've never heard such topics addressed in a pop song before. They barrel along like a freight train, slough through grungy riffs that sound like a million others, and sing lines like "It's not easy, but for your soul, you can believe in Rock'n'Roll" with no apparent

irony. As a result the album is an Ur-classic of sorts; self-consciously squeezing into rock and roll history with no pretensions toward its mythopoetic heritage. And it sounds even better after half a dozen Castlemans. (Aberrant Records/Rough Trade 326 sixth st. San Francisco, Calif 94103).

Stanley Whyte

J.J. Fad, Supersonic The Album

Bubble-gum rap huh? Girls will be girls, so dig the new breed. They might even wind up on Prince's label someday if they inevitably grow into lacey push-up bras. A really fun record to just get up and dance to. No statements to make. For teeny-bops only, I suppose, or even older hipsters. (Ruthless/WEA)

Lorrie

Edie Brickell & The New Bohemians, Shooting Rubber Bands at The Stars

Oh no, look out for another Suzanne Vega (*aaaaaaaagh!*—ed)! Spacey lyrics. Melodic angst. Yucko. (Geffen/WEA)

Lorrie

Jane's Addiction, Nothing Shocking

Nice album cover, if you like siamese nipples. Once you get past the misogynous part, and if you're into pretty good, albeit weird rock 'n roll, it's likeable. Sort of like Bauhaus meets the Ruts and Black Sabbath in a deserted room and they decide to jam and smash it up. The record has its powerful moments when it goes beyond description. Men will probably buy it out of curiosity. (WEA)

Lorrie

Public Enemy, It Takes a Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back

Dopey white rock critics have really fallen for this one, big time. It seems that Public Enemy are like, you know, the Clash of Hip-Hop. Whew! Daring analogy there. I guess it's okay to like rap then. PE share nothing with the Clash, their politics are confrontational rather than organizational, their interviews antagonistic rather than incendiary, and they speak to their audience from outside of any acknowledged subcultural context. But this deliberately offensive, knowingly provocative LP puts that stance across as pure sound, the way nobody else is doing noisy, abrasive, channelling anger into music with unparalleled ferocity.

Hostile, self-righteous, wrong-headed and I wouldn't have any other records before it these days. (Def Jam Recordings, 298 Elizabeth St. NY, NY 10022)

Stanley Whyte

Pig Farm, Hold Your Nose

"...a blend between country harmony and city sensibility." Hold Your Nose...The barn is in the backyard; the pig shit on the livingroom rug. I like the city sensibility: Heavy, rumbling, raunchy and tuneful. Lots of guitar and pretty decent drumming. The "country" pleases me less—in fact, I found myself trying to block out the vocals so I could enjoy the music...they are a little

too whiney and "down home" for me. Country prejudice aside, I'm sure many people could sit on a back-porch and drink beer to this record. (X Records, 255 Derbydown Rd., Downsview, Ont M3J 1S2). Eliza G.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Journey Of Dreams

No music lover can ignore the beautifully haunting harmonies of this brilliant musical troupe from black South Africa. These men enhanced Paul Simon's *Graceland*, and he returns the favour by arranging and inspiring some songs, including the dual-language acapella *Amazing Grace* amongst other traditional songs of life. For those of you who like music that comes out of Africa with all its stylings, this album is more on the accessible side. (WEA)

Lorrie

Boogie Down Productions, By All Means Necessary

DJ Scott LaRock's murder in the South Bronx last August was reported as a symptom of rap violence rather than the tragic death of a person that it was. BDP's *By All Means Necessary*, is the group's reaction to their DJ's fate, and a chilling, spare record it is. BAMN is permeated, even haunted by Scott LaRock. The raps strike out rather starkly against violence, drug abuse, and every imaginable social ill, but the undercurrent of their personal stake in it gives the record its hard edge. Kind of essential.

(Jive/RCA/BMG 2245 Markham Rd., Scarborough Ont M1B 2W3).

Stanley Whyte

G.G. Allin, Hmmm... how does one review anything by a man who "has made a career out of being disgusting on stage" (RearGarde #25).

O.K., the man is creepy—in person. When listening to his smut on vinyl in the privacy of your own home, though, you'll find he's quite funny—not really! His swearing and tales of the grotesque are just so exaggerated (Maybe). After all this guy carries exlax and a jockstrap in a brown paper bag and takes a shit in front of a live audience). This

isn't the first time he's done this. (RearGarde #25).

Blaine Fart (squaller of the Accused) has a

A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK



by Brent Barlett

Last Wednesday a very important friend of mine told me that according to the law of probability if you leave a monkey alone in a room with a typewriter, eventually the monkey will write the entire works of Shakespeare. Now, being the young and fun-loving scientist that I am, I immediately went out and bought the entire works of Shakespeare which amazingly enough came with a free monkey. The monkey and I read the entire works in one sitting. No, that's not true. Part of the time I was standing.

One of the things the monkey noticed about Willy's works was that there was no references to any bananas whatsoever. This infuriated the monkey and drove me into the kitchen where I opened a beer and decided, to question the above "monkey theory." My questions in the kitchen led me nowhere except into the living room where I questioned my taste in furniture and promptly fled to my bedroom where I questioned my unusual sleeping positions.

Slightly after the middle of the night I was faintly awakened by the sound of ferocious typing, but too involved with my unusual sleeping positions I decided not to investigate. The next morning I discovered that the monkey, obviously upset with the Shakespeare vs. monkey thing had dusted off my typewriter and gathered the restless notes lying about my desk, notes which were just waiting for some mindful force to gently mold them into a column for RearGarde. The monkey was this force. To me the monkey was akin to one of the legendary shoemaker's elves, working 'til dawn to finish my column while I floated gracefully through the dreams of a paranoid schizophrenic.

When I awoke I stood there in my pathetic nakedness, bathing in the morning sunlight and holding a genuine work of art. That's when I decided to sit over to the typewriter and see what the monkey had written. I skimmed it briefly without briefs and then once or twice with briefs before handing it over Paul and Emma for immediate publication. What follows this last sentence is the genuine work of a genius monkey friend.

Finally I found the typewriter. I'm not here to make a monkey out of the bard, I just want the world to know anybody can write, the hard part is getting all the words in the right order. So here goes, as I browse through bURNT's notes I can't help but realize that his next column was going to be about haircuts. I've always lived by the maxim that clothes make the monkey and a stylish chop is much more important than a big banana, so here we go.

Since none of the chimps back home care about WIRE's album called A Bell Is A Cup I've decided to write about it. The front of the album is bathed in a dull purple glow and is very boring until you notice the huge horse's head suspended next to the filing cabinet. The horse needs a little trim around the ears and if I was the coiffure I'd probably go with a purple mane which would without a doubt highlight his horse-like features. (Hey, wait a sec, he is a horse.) There's not much to say about the filing cabinet since it doesn't have any hair but I would suggest it wear more red.

Let's swing our way into the next cover: It's the one, the only, Mr. Lydon of the SEX PISTOLS. He is sporting a beautifully shagged red hair that looks more like shredded carrots than human follicles. It grows out of his head with a pure neon enjoyment! But then he always was a little madcap..

Next is SPONGE TUNNEL's album beefily entitled Morons. I've got six things to say about this album which is quite incredible since I can't count. Sixties, Sixties, Sixties and drab, drab, drab. Eleven folky acid faced long hairs slobbering much too close to the camera. Too much brown, everyone looks like they're wearing globs of greasy beige spaghetti. I've said it before and I'll say it again, color is so important when choosing your personal hairstyle..

That's all. I gonna take a shower and make bURNT's dinner. I can just hear Willy now rolling over in his grave and whispering "Et tu Brute" into the stale darkness.



very high, evil little voice and when I accidentally put the album on 45 it sounded like Mickey Mouse puking (nice). This is speed—core—metal; a little more hardcore than their previous, more fun than many (kind of like a cheap party date.) There's pretty heavy bass and not totally unimaginative rhythms which save it from being just a boring speedfreak race like a lot of these bands. Still, it's not special despite the lovely, dripping drawing on the album cover. (Combat Splatter Headquarter, P.O.Box 2545, Seattle, Wash. 98112545). Eliza G.

Bullet Lavolta

Bullets actually blast off this record and embed themselves in your body. Metal-tinged, heavy hardcore. Suspense and then explosions. Raw vocals, not retching, a bit like Tesco Vee or DOA but not silly or campy. Rough and meaty and very tuneful in a very unsentimental way. Catchy without putrid pop trappings. Good. This makes you want to jump and smack your head on the ceiling. I might have to buy this. (Taang! Records, P.O.Box 51, Auburndale, Mass., U.S.A. 02166). Eliza G.

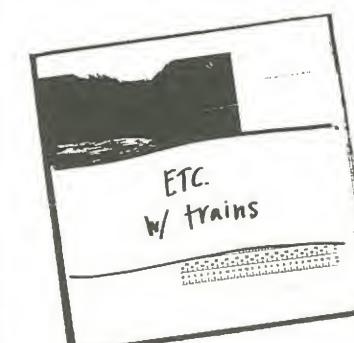
D. J. Lebowitz, Beware of the Piano

Oyvay kosher punk rock. Covers of Judy is a Punk and Holiday in Cambodia all on piano and nothing else. The cut Bedtime for Tears is all crying and adolescent yells, great stuff. This Lebowitz character is a meshuga, but his singing is miken brechn but is also miken platzten. After hearing Breathe On Me suart mir nisht goot. I'd play this LP for other people but on the whole sis a mechia but it shouldn't be more than an EP next time D.J. hakmir nisht achinek. (Fowl Records, PO Box 1821, San Francisco, California 94101).

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

V Spy V Spy

I reviewed this purely based on the cover. Nice cover but the album stinks. One song is a poor 60's surf song and sticks out from the rest like a sore surfboard. It has the usual chantings in the background of echoey guitars. Good things about the LP—the cover is nice and all the songs on the album are originals so they don't get the chance to butcher anybody else's songs. Any suggestions where we can deport the band? (WEA) Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



Garden Bower, Etc...w/trains

Weird country from Kitchener. Chris Houston should produce their next album. Better reviewers than me will probably be able to tell you what it sounds like, but I like it. One thing I can tell you they did cover a song that I wrote a long time ago (Folsom Prison Blues). The liner notes are so incoherent that they make this plain looking album cover and plain looking album even more mysterious. The record sounds like it was recorded live but nobody was there to hear it, not even an engineer. I wonder if that's like a tree falling in the woods and nobody was there to hear it, would it make a noise? But I digress. I don't know, this is a pretty cool album but I bet you'll never buy it. I dare you to. (Paul Weiler, 45 Munroe St., Kitchener Ontario N2L 1B8) Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

Highway 101

More country stuff but more mainstream. No obvious "hit" singles to my ears. This album and band is very Nashville oriented judging by the acknowledgements on the album. The female singer has a really nice voice but the guy who comes in once and awhile should just keep his mouth shut. It's too bad there's nothing memorable here, they sound good but are somewhat repetitive and boing. Oh well, maybe next album. (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

David Lindley & El Rayo X, Very Greasy

Lindley's third release is disappointing. This guy is not cool, he plays guitar for Jackson Browne and Linda Ronstadt and other mellow Californians but he is cool because he plays bouzoukis (I ordered one at Skala's once) and has put one great album and one lousy solo album before Very Greasy. The music is predominantly ska-tinged including covers of Do You Wanna Dance, Papa Was A Rolling Stone and Werewolves of London. Lindley can do better I'm sure of it, in fact I bet his next album will do it. Well what more can I say about an album produced by Linda Ronstadt. (WEA)

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell

10,000 Maniacs, In My Tribe

What a fifties conspiracy! This must be Nancy Sinatra on Valium, or the Bangles. Aside from the annoyingly over-trained lead vocals, the music could be someone doing an ABBA impression. Okay, Hey Jack Kerouac is a historical, literary allegory, and the other songs are about alcoholism, illiteracy and child abuse. But so what—they still all sound the same. 10,000 Maniacs is really just a euphemism for two-and-a-half pushovers looking for something depressing to yelp about. (WEA) Sonja Chichak

Book of Love, Lullaby

This is the same math music that those wayward scientists inflicted in '85 with Lost Souls and I Touch Roses. Entire ballads calculated and timed down to the last note. Even the slightest change in tempo sounds computer-generated and hollow. Otherwise, this over-synthesized stuff has a fascinating androgynous mixture of whispering and panting for vocals. It's a pity some fine lyrics have lost their meaning because the music has been forced into a science. (WEA) Sonja Chichak

Wire, A Bell Is A Cup

Definitely a cross between the Cult and the Psychedelic Furs. The Finest Drops is catchy 'n cute but the rest drags a bit. Nuff said. (Enigma/Capitol). Sonja Chichak

James, Strip-Mine

This sprightly, tuneful album is so unpossessing, I'm almost tempted to label it "promising". But, pop music being pop music, I'd rather forego any dumb predictions and enjoy what's worth enjoying here. The lyrics range from evocations of 'beauty' ("In the sky above the square, starlings spiral, dancing on air") to confessional ("Julie says that I must wake up, I am losing touch because I think too much") with relative ease, and the music is spare, expressive. They flop occasionally (Medieval—bleah!), but will entrench themselves in the jukebox in your head given half a chance. So give it to 'em. (Sire) Stanley Whyte

Pere Ubu, This Tenement Year

This is the first album from this band in six years. I must admit I didn't know their earlier work except for the song Birdies on the compilation Urgh!. I caught them live at Club Soda and it was an excellent show. The record itself is a tour de force. It is best heard on headphones or with your head between two speakers cranked loud. There is all kinds of stuff happening in the mix. For example, the drums flowing from one

channel to the other. Quirky melodies and rhythm changes in the same song, a warbling singer adds the voice as an instrument but not as the main focus. Little bits of guitar and keyboards fill up the odd spots. Altogether it is a moving musical mosaic. A masterpiece.

Greg Miller

Wild History, Guns or Butter

I hate to say it, but this stuff is almost mainstream rock. 'Almost' because of the music and the singer. Not quite because of the lyrics. They criticize Israel (not the people, just the government) and they sing about pollution, the IRA, Nicaragua, the Iron Curtain, etcetera. There is a funky bass throughout this well-produced Rock record. However, I find they sound like Big Country and Men At Work and that sort of thing. (Breaking Records/Perpetual Disc, 707 N. Broad Street, Elizabeth, New Jersey, USA 07028). Greg Miller



Color Me Psycho, Pretend I'm Your Father

Well, ram a guitar pick up my nose if this don't make that damned 60's garage revival worthwhile by tying it down, tearing its guts out, dumping them in a Cuisinart and eating 'em raw for breakfast. Crap, it actually sounds Heavy ('scuze the expression) and it drips with sleaze. They've got an organ (a musical one) but they use it as background for a punk-distortion guitar and 'Want a candy little girl?' vocals. My faves r Six Foot Jane and the opening instrumental Sacred Valley Penetration. Damn good. But if you go in expecting the Gruesomes, you'll come out feeling like the guy on the cover—like you had a guitar rammed through the back of your head. (Raging Records, P.O. Box 7473, Station E, Calgary, Alberta T3C 3M3). Johnny Zero

State of Confusion, A Street

One of RearGarde's favourite categories: Roots hardcore. One of the big problems with hardcore was that it all started sounding the same about six months after it began, so 95 per cent of it stinks. This is part of the other five per cent. Smokin' tunes that manage to do some weird tricks with vocals, drum beats and arrangements while still rippling along. Guitar domination rules. (Sub-Core Records, P.O. Box 99284, Seattle WA, USA 98199). Johnny Zero

Lita Ford, Lita

The minute I saw the wicked Lita Ford poster in the record store window I had to run in and buy her new album. After all, she used to be in one of my fave bands from the '70's, the Runaways. Surprise, surprise, a victim of my own sexism. The album is total wimpy lite-weight commercial crap. Even guest writers Lemmy, Ozzy and Nikki Six can't elevate this crass commercial shlock. How can anyone so hot lookin' put out such a crummy album? Buy the poster. Watch the video. Avoid the album. (RCA/BMG). Zippy

Dwight Yokam, Buenos Noches From A Lonely Room

Dwight's trad adherence has always struck me as just a little, um, delicate. His warbly twang—half drawl, half mumble—was

for cassettes only

supposed to be a—what's that word?—'alternative' to the sheen of the Nashville sound. But it always seemed labored, overwrought. So what's the hick gone and done now? Come up with a longplayer that supports his ambitions, that's what. The Buck Owens duet you may know, but the rest of the thing actually warrants your attention. He actually whups upstarts like Travis and Lovett at there own game. As American philosopher Gomer Pyle would have it, "Surprise, surprise, surprise." (WEA/Reprise).

Stanley Whyte



My Dog Popper, 668 Neighbor of The Beast

They said it couldn't be done, but after years of recording and perfecting (?), the Poops have finally released their greatest and only album ever!!! 'Tis a mixture of brilliance and lunacy (mostly lunacy). I laughed, I cried and occasionally I picked my nose. It may not be the greatest hardcore album ever released but it is by far the silliest. It's fun, it's cool, heck, it's total nonsense. I like it much. (Patois Records, 1180 St. Antoine W. Ste 306, Montreal, PQ H3G 1B4).

Melissa



The Randy Peters, You Thought I Was Foolin'

Groovy roots. Rootsie grooves. Looong songs. Love songs. Love lost songs. Long love and love lost songs. Snarling edge. Generic production. Needs to be snappier, ie. shorter. Aren't trad bands sad? Yep. Only usually they don't take as long to tell you. Needs to be less like the **Long Ryders**, more like **Metallica**. Stupid comparison? Not if you really want to put a song like *This Gun Says Goodbye* over. Wish they would. 'Luck. (Amok Records, P.O.Box 159 Station G, Toronto, Ont M4M 3G7).

Stanley Whyte

Ini Kamoze, Shocking Out

This is electric sounding roots reggae, especially with the steelie's synth bass on *Cool It Off*. However, with Ini's voice this stuff works well. Dance hall elements slip in on the title track. The record gets more roots, and better as we go along and even the synth bass on *Hole in the Pumpkin* doesn't take away anything. All in all a very good record and worth your time. It's very nice to hear new stuff from Ini Kamoze. (P.O. Box 42517, Washington, D.C.)

Rude Ras

Bop (harvey), Nation from Nation

A band from Detroit, Michigan that is influenced by reggae music. Sugar Minott called them the best American reggae he's seen. There's more rock'n'roll influence here. They seem to stress their reggae though in

their press kit, and the title song is a reggae song. Not a bad record. (Grand River Records, Box 81, Eagle, Michigan, 48822).

Rude Ras

Aswad, Distant Thunder

There are a lot of great tracks on this record. Even a cover of Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers' *Give a Little Love*. Slowed down to Aswad speed of course. Get it and listen to it. This is Aswad. (Mango Records, 2450 Victoria Park Ave., Willowdale, Ontario, M2J 4A2).

Rude Ras

Alfa Blondie, Revolution

This is very similar in some ways to the great *Apartheid is Naziism*. But it's not as great. There's stuff bordering on rock 'n roll, but it's not that good. (When he was younger he used to be in a band that did rock 'n roll covers). Not a great record, it does have one good track on it. (CBS)

Rude Ras

Stanley Clarke, If This Bass Could Only Talk

In the wake of dozens of great new innovative bass players, the old master proves he's still one of the best. This album has all the energy and style which helped crown Clarke the best bassist on Earth over a decade ago. *Workin' Man* expands a theme from one of his early albums to the outer limits of fusion. *Tradition* shows what incredible bass parts he could squeeze out of traditional jazz. And *Basically Taps* is an interesting duet between bassist and tap dancer. As if all this weren't enough, Allan Holdsworth and Stewart Copeland join Clarke for some mind-numbing solos in *Stories To Tell*. His best album in years. (Portrait/CBS).

Louis R.

Stuart Hamm, Radio Free Albemuth

I've never heard a debut album filled with such virtuosity. Why the hell isn't this guy famous yet? He does for the bass what Eddie Van Halen did for the guitar (*paints it purple and plays on library tables?*—ed.). His insane speed and two-hand tapping on *Sexually Active* completely blows me away, as do his arrangements of Beethoven and Debussy for electric bass. It's rare that you'll find such mastery and control over a radical new technique such as this. I never even thought the bass could produce these sounds. On top of all this bass craziness, you've got Joe Satriani on guitar for most of the album. And Allan Holdsworth's guitar solo alone is worth the price of the record. Believe me, you haven't heard the bass guitar until you've heard this album. (WEA).

Louis R.



Spirit Of The West, Labor Day

Anyone who has seen this band live knows they are one of the hottest acts around. I saw them last spring at Café Campus and was blown away by the rockin tunes and the intense performance of this threesome from B.C.. Their latest album, *Labor Day*, has all the heaviness and excitement of their live performance. Their sound is an unconventional mixture of guitar, bass, and flute. The result is celtic pop that really moves. Add to this cool lyrics and tight production and you have an album not to be missed. (Stony Plains Records, box 861, Edmonton, Canada T5J 2L8).

Patricia

Oi! That's What I Call MUSIC.

Like many other compilation albums, I was not impressed at first listen. But after a few spins on my turntable, it sounded better and better. Oi bands old and new are on this record including such greats as Sham 69, The Business and the Kicker Boys add an American flavor to the album and perform some of the more memorable tracks, sounding a lot like early Black Flag. Judge Dread's *Bring back the Skins* adds a nice reggae touch to the album and apparently has now become the Skinhead National Anthem. Fave licks—*When The Boots go Marching In*, *I Gotta Handgun* and *Mouth an' Trousers*. The album is expensive (as all imports are), but has more good songs than not, a sign for me of a compilation worth buying. (Link Records, PO Box 164, London, England SE135QN).

John Stack

The Three O'Clock, Three O'Clock

What's going on here? I've heard the rumours and now I've heard the result. Mack fired everybody, dropped the 'Train', hired all these session musicians and even cut his hair (kinda Beatlesque). It seems he's even changed his name (Mike Mariano). Now he's writing songs that are a hybrid of 60's Pop and synth-Pop crap. One song has Prince's "girls" (Wendy & Lisa) on it. So what? They sound good but the song is the worst one on the record. This band needs to be (re)Trained. (WEA).

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



k.d. lang, Shadowland

She's done it. Kathy Dawn finally got her chance to get as close to her dead hero as possible (producer Owen Bradley) as well as mixing it up with more heroes Brenda Lee, Loretta Lynn & Kitty Wells. The Honky Tonk Angels medley with the aforementioned three is probably the worst cut on the album, it's just plain boring schmaltz. Unlike her earlier albums there are no rockers on this one so relax with a cold beer on a warm night in a smokey bar. This is jukebox junk at J.R.'s joint. (WEA).

Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell



Infamous Bastards, Lifestyles of the Rich and Infamous

Hey, like party hearty y'know. Montreal's heaviest haircut band come out with six solid tunes on this 7 inch (tho' Chico likes to think of himself as a 12). They scream and fuzz and thump with some rad production that gives this platter a real hot feel. It's so tight, it sounds almost metal here and there but it never loses that fun Punk attitude (talkin' bout an attitude problem). Pick this up quick before they become famous and it becomes a collector's item. (From My Ass To Your Face Records, the turkeys didn't list an address).

Johnny Zero

It's the return of For Cassettes Only (almost like we're a monthly column or something. All sorts of fun music from weird people reviewed by weird people. And remember—if you've got a demo or low release cassette you want to publicize, we probably can't review it unless you give us a copy. Ta.

Here's a tape with a nice cover but no liner notes, you know how painful that can be. This tape is from a band who I think are from Newfoundland, they're called Dog Meat BBQ and this tape is called *Dead Dogs of the Summer of Love*. This tape has some of the best titles of songs ever (*The Mob killed Jimi Hendrix* and *The Star Kiss Tunie*). It reminds me of something that would've come out after the initial punk explosion in the late 70's. It has the punk cynicism but little of punk's anger, more humour. I don't know where to get more copies of this 18 song tape but hopefully we'll be able to tell you in a future issue of this column. (WMWC)

Next is more Canadian Content but I know where this one is from, the Sci-Phonics out of London, Ont. This tape is old (1985) and recorded live at some club in London, again there's no liner notes so I can't give much background info. The music to me sounds like Ray Condo backed up the Crickets. Don't ask me why, it just does. The tape is well recorded and clear. Cool stuff, I wonder if they're still around. Try this address for more info, Tim McLaughlin 87 Edgehill cres, London, Ontario N1A 4Z3. (WMWC)

This time we've got a local tape, well pretty much local. The Gold Plated Haemorrhoids from the land of PCB disasters St.Bruno, PQ. The GPR's are not too different from most other Hardcore bands. Most of the songs lack some imagination in both song structures and lyrics (constant repetition of the titles of the songs). All 'round though it's pretty good, but the tape is horribly recorded at times. Save your dollars and get into a decent studio. The Gold Plated Haemorrhoids 2026 Des Ormes, St. Bruno, Quebec J3V 4G7. (WMWC)

Compilation time, this is the first of three. *What Wave's Disgraceland*. This tape is another excellent project from Dave & Rena of *What Wave* fame in London which features predominantly garage music but there is some other cool stuff thrown in. Some bands on the tape that *RearGarde* readers might recognize include the Gruesomes, the Dik Van Dykes, the Crawlin' Kingsnakes and UIC. Not impressed yet? Try 25 other bands too. All this comes complete with a fanzine with stories on wrestling, how to make your own beer, the Gruesomes, Teenage Head, The Razorbacks, The Brood and much more. I don't know what they'd sell it for through the mail, but drop them a line to find out. *Dave & Rena, clo What Wave, 44 Langar st E, London, Ontario N6C 1Z1*. (WMWC)

The second compilation is another contribution from Patrick Andrade in Ottawa. This tape is called *Secret War Against the Black Panthers and the Indian Movement in America*. One side of the tape is an interview with Ward Churchill (author on American Indian affairs) and the other side is two improv jazz pieces from Ojibway drummer Chris Martin and two pieces combining the poetry of Native poet Lee Maracle and the thoughts of Chuckie D of the Infamous Rap group Public Enemy. As is always with Mr. Andrade's tapes, it is interesting and diverse. For more info contact *Patrick Andrade, 170 Booth St. #311, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7W1*. (WMWC)

Third in our trilogy of comps is the first ever in this column of American bands. This one is called *Monolith Sampler* and features four artists (Heretix, House of Joy, The Raindogs & Electricka). The Heretix's two songs sound strangely like REM (is that you?) but the second one is called *Sheriff* and the better of the two. *Sheriff* is much tougher and more fun to listen to. A whole album of Heretix might be interesting. House of Joy's two songs I didn't think I'd like due to their promo stuff but the music did kinda grow on me (yech, I've got some House of Joy growing on me). The singer sounds like she has a good voice, lightweight pop, but why not, this is fun.

The Raindogs sounded the most interesting. Some of the band are ex-members of, get this, the Red Rockers and Stiff Little Fingers and some other bands. This is the best band on the tape but I wish they would turn down those keyboards and kick some ass. They probably do live. Electricka is on the tape but easily forgettable, so forget it. For more info contact *Monolith Records Inc., PO Box 980, Prudential Centre, Boston, MA 02199*. (WMWC)

Last up for me is another American tape from Boston. *Mission of Burma* is the band and *Forget Mission of Burma* is the tape. From what I can gather Mission is a legend in the Boston area and have recently reformed. Apparently they were an old Punk band and have just put out this 12 song tape. Luckily they haven't come back as Heavy Metal. One song stands out (*Anti-Aircraft Warning*), this could turn out to be some sort of classic, but please don't ask me what kind. Some really good stuff here for the fans of American Post Punk/ Hardcore. This one's on Taang Records, I wonder if this is the label the astronauts take to the moon. *Taang Records, PO Box 51, Auburndale MA 02166*. (WMWC)

Back down the road to T.O., we have a three-song demo from a group called Black Betty. Self-described as being a rock band with Punk energy, I'm not so sure. While the first tune, *Lion's Share*, is pretty decent, it's more like Jefferson Airplane's *White Rabbit* than anything else. All the songs are kind of slow and plodding, not quite interesting enough to be called 'powerful'. Certainly not 'Punk'. They might make it as a mainstream rock band coz they've got the hooks and they've got the looks. But 'alternative' they ain't. (*Black Betty*, 425 Main Street, Toronto, Ontario M4C 4Y1). (PG)

Finally, we've got another compilation tape for youze. This one's called Kitsch 'en Squatt and might just be the most important thing to come out of the Montreal underground in a long time. It's important because it features ten previously unrecorded bands and shows there's still some life in this here scene. The bands are: Groovy Aardvark, Birth Defects, Northern Vultures, Cremains, Glorious Fail, Hazy Azure, Capitalist Alienation (Okay, so they've been recorded before), Treblinka, Local Rebels and Possession Simple. It definitely tends towards hardcore, and a tad of speed metal, but is amazingly well recorded for what is essentially a demo sampler. The politics might be a little simplistic at times, but the music always makes up for it, and my personal fave is the Northern Vultures' *Rise Up*. If you like your music hard and fast, pick this up at local record stores (Dutchie's, Rock en Stock, but why isn't it at Cheap Thrills?) and find out about the next wave from the Montreal underground.

That's all folks. Remember to send in them demos for review. The address is: RearGarde, P.O. Box 1421, Station H, Montreal H3G 2N4. Oh, the reviews this ish were done by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell (WMWC) and Paul Gott (PG).



PHOTO: RULA

Catching up on our backlog of interviews, here is one done with our own *Rise* in May (so change all the time references accordingly). It was done with Sylvain (vocals), John (guitar), Don (bass) and Big Bob Average (guitar) on the Music Underground Montreal show on CRSG. Stephane (drums) didn't turn up which is good because we only had room for two in the studios and it was getting kinda cramped. Anyhoo, we talked about the band's Montreal and Newfoundland roots, the Montreal scene, and a bit about the band. A final note: Because we were all using two microphones, it was hard to unscramble the tape, so a lot of the quotes are probably attributed to the wrong band members. Then again, if you wanted journalistic accuracy you'd be reading the *New York Times*, right?

RearGarde: Rise was formed quite recently, wasn't it?

Sylvain: The line-up that we have today has been together for about two months. Rise actually was started more than a year ago, in September '87, but we've gone through some changes since then.

RearGarde: Several members have been in other bands. What are those?

Bob: It's gonna be hard to count. (laughs)

RearGarde: Oh, so you're a veteran rocker band.

Sylvain: Some of us have been around for a while. Me and Stephane were in *Fair Warning*, and I don't want to say anything about that because I think *Fair Warning* is still happening, it's just a big rumour that we've broken up, it's just a long holiday. We'll definitely be doing other shows.

RearGarde: So it's the old multiple-band thing, where people belong to more than one band at the same time.

Bob: Well, me and John used to play in hardcore bands in Newfoundland. I used to play in a band called *Waffid*(?), and a band called *Tough Justice* and a band called *Schitzoid*, and they put out a single. And just recently, in Toronto, I was with a band called *God Corp*. I played with them for four or five months and then I decided to move to Montreal to go to school and to live and...

Sylvain: ...And then he heard about *Rise* and said 'I have to move to Montreal and get to play with this band.' ... Of course, I'm kidding...

RearGarde: Okay, wait a second. Hardcore in Newfoundland. (*Shouts of "Yeah!" in the background*). Is there still a scene happening in Newfoundland?

John: There was a big scene and then it sort of slacked off. But there is a big scene there again now.

RearGarde: But all of a sudden we seem to be hearing about a lot of stuff happening in the Maritimes. Is this some sort of Maritime invasion?

Bob: Well, there's a band called *Guilt Parade* from Toronto and they're totally from New Brunswick.

John: And the *Jellyfish-babies* from Halifax—they're in Toronto now.

Bob: And the guitarist from *God Corp*—he's from Fredericton.

John: (laughs) As soon as you get old enough, you move out.

Don: Take *Fail-Safe* for instance, a Montreal band. Iain and Ewan are both from Halifax. So there are a lot of people from out East, that's for sure.

RearGarde: So, having come from both the Maritimes and Toronto, is the Montreal scene big?

John: Well, the Montreal scene is kind of cool in that they like their bands (laughs).

Bob: As opposed to the Toronto scene where they hate their bands.

RearGarde: But you guys haven't played that many live shows here in town.

Sylvain: Yeah, we've only played twice in town...

Bob: But we have played in Ottawa and two shows in Toronto, which means we've played outside the city more often than we've played Montreal.

Sylvain: Kind of like a band we all know here, the *Doughboys*.

Bob: Yeah, we tried to put a record out before we played live but we just couldn't quite cut it (laughs).

RearGarde: But you have recorded a some songs and released a cassette so you must be pretty serious about the band. It seemed like *Fair Warning* was around for years and years before they released anything.

Sylvain: Yeah, but *Fair Warning* used to practice once a week. It was never really a serious thing, it was just kind of hanging around with friends.

RearGarde: But *Rise* is the serious thing.

Sylvain: Well, it's both of them together. To succeed, do something

good, and have fun doing it.

RearGarde: Your signature song is very funky considering your roots. Is that representative of the band?

John: Well, no. That's probably the only song that sounds like that—funky. It's a fun tune.

Sylvain: Yeah, every song sounds different from one another. We have a lot of different influences. So we sound funky sometimes, and powerful other times. There's such a large list of bands that influence us, we just get all the influences and put them together in one bag.

RearGarde: Do you include local bands in there? I mean, your guitar sound sounds a lot like the *Nils/Doughboys* guitar sound.

Bob: Well, I like the *Nils* and the *Doughboys*.

RearGarde: Do you find it's more of a 70's guitar sound?

Bob: (laughs) I don't know. I don't think so. If you listen to all our stuff, it's more of a post-hardcore sound...

Sylvain: Our sound really changes from song to song, and the guitar sound is influenced by everyone from *U2* to *DYS*, if anyone knows anything about *DYS*.

RearGarde: You guys are a serious band, but what does that mean? Does it mean signing with *RCA*, or...

Sylvain: No, no, we like to play our kind of music. We'd like to cut a record and to play as many gigs as possible. Bigger places, maybe. We'd like to just play hardcore in a better way.

John: Yeah, the type of music we play isn't exactly commercial. We play it

because we like it.

Don: But we want people to be able to hear it and like it. We wouldn't want to press 500 copies of an album and sell 'em to our friends and then sell 200 to Dutchie's or something. We want more than that.

RearGarde: Is there an attitude for the band? Are you political?

Everyone: No!

Sylvain: Nothing political. No preaching. Just coming up with positive statements.

Bob: Not like in the quote, 'positive punk' sort of way.

Sylvain: Yeah, it's more personal. But everyone can interpret it in their own way. It's personal, but it can also touch other people.

Bob: There's absolutely no political content. Not that we're not politically aware, not that we don't read the papers, but I've heard enough personally.

RearGarde: Who writes the songs?

John: Well, up until recently, I wrote most of the music and Sylvain wrote the lyrics. Because before it was basically a three-piece with people helping us out. Now we've got our own line-up.

Sylvain: Yeah, before we had Celso and Randy from *Infamous Bastards* helping us out for a couple of months before we got Don and Bob to play with us. But they were too involved with the *Infamous Bastards* to be totally committed to *Rise*. But we still share the practice space with 'em. And they're great guys by the way, we love 'em. And Chico, we love your hair, don't ever cut it. (laughs)

RearGarde: Do you ever see yourselves doing what they did at the *RearGarde Benefit*—coming out as a self-parody like *Montley Fruit*?

John: That was great for them, they were really funny. And I think they were the best band that night. But I can't see us ever doing that.

RearGarde: Does the band have a sense of humour?

John: Sure, just ask our engineer (laughs). We're always laughing.

Sylvain: I'm the guy who's usually the serious one, I've noticed that. Someone has to say "Okay, now it's time to get down to work..."

RearGarde: Do you do any covers?

Sylvain: For a while we did that song by the *Cult* (laughs).

John: We did that as a joke.

Sylvain: What was it called?... *She Sells Sanctuary*.

Bob: We did a *Bad Brains* song and we could do a *Negative Approach* song if we really went crazy. We've been fooling around with it, but really like to do all our own songs. Maybe one cover for a joke.

RearGarde: What about the Montreal hardcore/punk/whatever scene—a lot of people seem to think it's starting to die out.

Sylvain: Yeah, or going metal. Even *Fair Warning* got caught up in that for a while, with the double bass drum and stuff. It was just a new sound on the hardcore scene in general.

Bob: It's been killed now, though.

Sylvain: It just kills hardcore. Hardcore to me is different influences, different bands. Bands can sound really funky, or really powerful, or have their little metal influences. But speed-core is just one type of music.

Bob: You read about it now, and people say 'The new hardcore coming out...' and it's *M.O.D.* and stuff like that. Speed-core, speed-metal, deathcore, speed-death core... and it's all the same.

Sylvain: Being part of the 'old scene', personally I'm against that.

RearGarde: So you guys are roots hardcore?

John: (Laughs). Yeah, African influenced.

Bob: I like a lot of metal, but that crossover stuff is just too much. It shouldn't be that big. The metal thing here is so big. I went to the Black Lite on a Thursday night and there was four or five hundred people there for three horrible local bands... (*gets 'shhh'ed by the rest of the band*). Oh, I'm sorry. They can call us horrible if they like.

Sylvain: We don't want to be prejudiced or anything, it's just our personal opinions. The scene's there, we're not trying to get rid of it or anything. We're just into something different.

At this point, we go into the 'marketable toy' round of negotiations. The band tries to avoid answering, asks us to stop the tape, then finally comes around to letting us know what marketable toy they'd be. In no particular order: A Joey Shithead doll, a digital delay (a very expensive toy), Barbie's boyfriend, a Donny Osmond doll on steroids.

Locate your local psychiatrist for Freudian interpretations, or ask the band at their next show. And, oh yeah, their cassette is available in cool stores around town.

Interview conducted by Paul Gott.



American Rock Cafe: 2080 Aylmer. 288-9272.
Cafe Campus: 3315 Queen Mary. 735-1259.
Club Soda: 5240 Park. 270-7848.
Concordia: 1455 De Maisonneuve. 848-7474.
Deja Vu: 1224 Bishop. 866-0512.
Folie du Large: 1021 Bleury. 397-1222.
Foufounes Electriques: 97 Ste. Catherine St. E. 845-5484.
Grand Cafe: 1720 St. Denis. 849-6955.
Montreal Forum: 2313 St. Catherine W. 932-2582.

CLUBS

Once again, we welcome you to the REarGarde listings page. Once again, the listings were compiled by Claudia and Nadia D'Amico and written by Warren "Mr. Wonderful" Campbell. Once again, we would like to totally disassociate ourselves from what is written below. And remember, if an opening band looks really weird, then it probably isn't true; all contests are null and void unless you get a hold of Mr. Wonderful's home phone number and can bug him directly; when in doubt, phone the club. We like to think of the listings as entertainment as much as information.

Saturday, October 1st
Station Ten: One Man's Meat from Toronto and the Cause from Montreal. I've heard of Toronto but where are the Cause from? (This is entertainment?—ed.)

Spectrum: Pierre Flynn. Old second baseman for the Expos catches grounders for lots of money.

Rising Sun: Mango featuring Robin & Jahlin

American Rock Cafe: Indecent Exposure. Sounds like some of the articles that go in RearGarde.

Club Soda: John Hiatt. This one is only expensive. \$17.50.

Tycoon: The Orphans look for their parents. Any takers?

Theatre St. Denis: Michel Rivard. French-folkie, hey why not?

Foufounes: Sons of the Desert and Raging Party ham it up.

Deja Vu: The Lakeshore Rockers. I've used all these jokes up.

Sunday, October 2nd
Station Ten: Sunday Night Comedy without the Wackies (my mistake). This week they will have Jay Leno and George Carlin performing as well as show old Roger Ramjet videos.

Foufounes: B4 Nothing with the Medicin Men. Apparently some Pop from Liechtenstein of all places. Second to the Sugarcubes they are probably the band from the most obscure country. Purely for novelty's sake they might be worth checking out.

Deja Vu: Simon Says leave.

Rising Sun: Mango

American Rock Cafe: Urban Bushmen eat people's heads.

Cafe Campus: Long John Baldry tries to convince us that he's still alive.

Monday, October 3rd
Station Ten: Battle of the Bands quarter finals. As I have scooped the competition by announcing that this contest is fixed I will continue my releasing of the winners each week. This week the loser is The Third Stone and the winner is Cro Magnum Man.

Foufounes: Black Monday with DJ Rick Wilde (who?).

Rising Sun: Blue Monday jam session with Paul Arthur & Raisin' Cain. Maybe the Foufounes and the Rising Sun should get together and have a show, then they could have the Black & Blue Monday jam session with Rick Wilde and Raisin' Cain and DJ Paul Arthur.

Deja Vu: Simon Says. Damn, he didn't say I could write that.

Tuesday, October 4th
Station Ten: Time 'N' Again. They always come back.

Foufounes: Feast of Fools with Splitting Seams for only \$3.

Spectrum: Butterfly, supposedly Canadian Pop. This band makes my heart a flutter. I hope they come out of their cocoon, these guys are floaters. Who the hell are they anyways, some new major label act that probably can't sing and probably can't play any decent music.

Poodles: Bob's Your Uncle from Vancouver. A couple weeks ago I went to see Jerry Jerry and the Warren Campbell Grand Orchestra Du Splendid play at Secrets and there was some guy sitting at the bar just pissed out of his mind. This guy was constantly falling to the ground and ordering shots for everyone within shooting range. Anyways he was wearing a Bob's Your Uncle t-shirt, I wonder if there's some meaning to this whole story.

Rising Sun: The Blue Goats. Which reminds me of a joke, oops I told it last issue. Have you ever seen a blue goat, I have, the colour of my TV was a bit off one night.

Club Soda: David Lindley. See album review this issue. California studio musician proves he can play live.

Deja Vu: Simon Says don't go.

Wednesday, October 5th

Station Ten: Rock/Blues jam session. Free and there's a band.

Foufounes: From Japan, Ichiro Ikeda. Which in English means get me the butter (Marlon Brando reference, ten points and a free gift if you got it). By the way the answer to last issue's trivia question was Jenny Ross. Sorry no winners but we'll hold the prize over to next issue, stay tuned for your chance to win.

St. Denis: Ding & Dong are moving in from the 5th til the 9th and from the 12th to the 16th and from the 19th til the 21st. For the first five shows Failsafe will be the opening act and then the next five it'll be the Campbells and then for the big extravaganza for the final three shows it'll be GG Allin.

Poodles: Camel Clutch. Great name for a band, I wonder what they sound like.

Rising Sun: Pete Pneumonia & the Chronic Diseases. Ya so.

Club Soda: Marie Philippe. Remember now go see the shows but don't buy the beer.

American Rock Cafe: Voices in View.

Top 40 rock covers. It's about time somebody does this. Did I ever tell you my idea for the consummate album? No, well here it is. You do an album of the song 100 bootles of beer on the wall but you make it into ten different songs like 90-80 bottles of beer on the wall and 40-30 bottles of beer on the wall and so on. The ten songs will all be different styles of music like Jazz or Hardcore or Heavy Metal or Bubblegum Pop etc...I tell ya it'll make a million for somebody. If you do it please remember me.

Cafe Campus: Dutch Mason Blues Band. They are still around but should bring some lobsters next time they come up here. Earlier on in the evening there is actually a record launch featuring Human Factor. They are a professional technopop band, so you know they must be good or at least Zippy thinks so. Next time you should eat it without mustard.

stupid.

Thursday, October 6th

Station Ten: Elan from Boston where I'll be at the end of this month. With TBA making up the shortest double bill ever to appear at Station Ten.

Foufounes: This is the show of the evening and of the month. Oktoberfest party with imported beer on tap and probably on the floor if I'm there. There will also be some performances by a Bavarian folk trio (probably three guys from St. Henri who'll guzzle Dow all night) and the evening's special guest all the way from San Francisco D. J. Lebowitz. If you don't know who D. J. is then just read my album review in this issue. You still probably won't know who he is but you'll learn a few new Yiddish expressions.

Spectrum: Michael Brecker. Is this the Jazz trumpeter or something?

Rising Sun: Mango go bowling.

Forum: Eric Clapton sells beer and Buckwheat Zydeco sells gumbo. Only \$25.50

Club Soda: Marie Philippe. \$13.50

Tycoon: The Gruesomes freak people out once again.

Station Ten: Elan from Boston. RearGarde's sister city.

Deja Vu: Black Cadillac.

Friday, October 7th

Station Ten: Weather Permitting. If it rains don't bother.

Foufounes: Death Angel, Riger Mortis and Scum. Heavy Mental show that starts at 8, so be good Montrealers and arrive at 11 and complain that the band started too early.

Spectrum: Joanne Blouin, an old French teacher of mine no doubt.

Rising Sun: Jah Children.

American Rock Cafe: Voices in View.

Club Soda: Marie Philippe. Who is this anyways. Opening is My Dog Popper.

Deja Vu: Black Cadillac.

Monday, October 10th

Station Ten: Battle of the Bands. News from the Front beats out The Cause and Savage Garden.

Rising Sun: Blue Monday Jam session with Billy Matin and the Boingers.

Deja Vu: Jimmy Dogs end off an altogether quiet night. Remember, ALF's on TV.

Tuesday, October 11th

Station Ten: Roy McCool who are Garage rock (aren't we all) and Black Smoke who aren't. New bands I guess.

Spectrum: Mark Aisham, ex-Failsafe bass player goes up and does solos all night.

Forum: Burning the... only \$19.50.

Poodles: Chinese Backwards returns to the listings page of RearGarde. So what we yell, well yes it is a big deal. They are not one of my favourite bands in fact I really dislike their music. (*That's OK, they really dislike your writing*—ed.) Enjoy the show.

Deja Vu: Jimmy Dogs.

Foufounes: The Vee-Gates and The Action. \$3

Wednesday, October 12th

Station Ten: Jam session returns.

Foufounes: Junior Gone Wild with the best named band in the city and the second band in this issue to be named after a famous writer, The Campbells. Enjoy and cheer loud for the Campbells.

Rising Sun: Pete Pneumonia & the Chronic Diseases.

Spectrum: Richard Seguin. French star, he's supposed to be good too.

Poodles: Les Taches. Ha.

Sunday, October 9th

Station Ten: Folk/Country Acoustic Nights.

Microphone is open to anybody except you.

Spectrum: Out of Flowers, whoever they are. Losing MuchMusic on Videotron has put me out of touch with the commercial music scene. Who are these people Out of Flowers and Butterly?

Why are they here and what do we need them for? There now that that's off my chest we can go on...

Forum: All Star Wrestling. This is the night where Macho Man has a revenge match against Dino Bravo. Dino, change your hair colour again, you look stupid. I challenge Marian MacNair to a no-listings barrel jello wrestling match at Foufounes. (*You're too ugly, you'd scare away all the customers*—ed.)

Rising Sun: Mango. They just own the

club.

American Rock Cafe: The Griffins.

The first of two bands to be listed that are named after great writers.

Deja Vu: Black Cadillac.

Cafe Campus: Psyche from Guelph, not Toronto. Boring stuff but you might like them.

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Rising Sun: Pete Pneumonia and the Chronic Diseases.

Spectrum: Richard Seguin collects more dough.

Rising Sun: Mere Image. Depends who you ask.

American Rock Cafe: The Puritans.

No drinking tonight.

Manchester Bar: Corner of St. Remi and Notre Dame in St. Henri, twenty kinds of imported beer for only \$2, quarts are only \$2.25. Wow.

Deja Vu: Bottoms Up. see above.

Thursday, October 13th

Station Ten: The Action. Men on Assignment?

Foufounes: The first night of the National Campus Radio Benefit (see story in this issue). The first night has Deja Voodoo, the Town Cryers, Fluid Waffle & maybe somebody else.

Spectrum: Richard Seguin collects more dough.

Rising Sun: Pete Pneumonia and the Chronic Diseases.

Cafe Campus: Trafic D'Influence.

Stuff from around here, under a rock.

Friday, October 14th

Mutsy's: This one is in St. Eustache for you information.

The Crawlin' Kingsnakes from London, Ont. and Vilain Pingouin from Montreal. There are buses going to the show, just call 392-9037 for more info. \$5.

Station Ten: From Ottawa, the Stand (no thanks I'll sit) and None of the Above from Montreal.

Foufounes: Night two of this benefit. Tonight it'll be UIC, the Stratjackets, Heimlich Manuevre and the Jellyfishbabies.

Spectrum: Richard Seguin.

Rising Sun: Some Motown special.

American Rock Cafe: The Puritans.

By the way, do you know how bats stay cool? They lick their wings.

Deja Vu: Bottoms Up.

Saturday, October 15th

Mutsy's: Again the Crawlin' Kingsnakes before they embark on their trip to Boston to record their debut album and Vilain Pingouin just before they release their album. Only \$5. Call 392-9037 for more info. Buses are goin'.

Station Ten: The Stand with the Cynics from Pennsylvania.

Foufounes: Night 3 of this benefit, Grave Concern, Rise, Failsafe and Celine Dion.

Spectrum: Richard Seguin.

Rising Sun: Motown Special.

American Rock Cafe: The Puritans.

Deja Vu: Bottoms Up.

Sunday, October 16th

Station Ten: Sunday Night Comedy without the Wackies. So what.

Foufounes: Ashwin Batish from India. Easy for you to say. \$6.

Spectrum: Richard Seguin goes home.

Rising Sun: Mango.

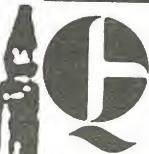
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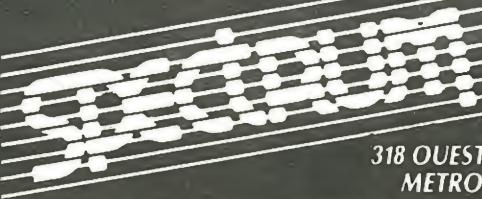
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